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# THE DIAL

VOL. IX. APRIL, 1889. No. 108.

## CONTENTS.

WASHINGTON THE MAN. <i>J. J. Halsey</i> . . . . .	309
SOME RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL. <i>Octave Thanet</i> . . . . .	313
SIR HENRY VANE. <i>W. F. Poole</i> . . . . .	316
RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES. <i>John Bascom</i> . . . . .	319
RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY. <i>William Morton Payne</i> . . . . .	323
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS . . . . .	328
Brownell's French Traits.—Mrs. Gilchrist's The True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia.—Percival Lowell's The Soul of the Far East.—Abbott's History of Greece.—The Five Talents of Woman.—Mrs. Gordon's From Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland.—Jessopp's The Coming of the Friars, and Other Historic Essays.—David Gray's Letters, Poems, and Prose Writings.—Higginson's Travelers and Outlaws.—Mayeux's Manual of Decorative Composition.—Kennedy's Life of Longfellow.—Frost's and French's Lives of the Presidents, from Washington to Cleveland.	
LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS . . . . .	331
TOPICS IN APRIL PERIODICALS . . . . .	332
BOOKS OF THE MONTH . . . . .	333

## WASHINGTON THE MAN.\*

In this year, and especially in this month, the thoughts of all Americans turn to the character of Washington, as we are about to witness another of the many centennial celebrations, which yet, to the student of political history, commemorates the most important event of the Revolution period. It is fitting that the occasion be made memorable by ceremonies and displays, which shall lack nothing of impressiveness that can be given by officials, orators, and people. Fitting is it also that at such a time renewed interest should be awakened not only in the life but in the writings of Washington. The publication of these writings for the first time in a complete and correct form, is in itself a matter for congratulation; and in the beautiful edition which the Messrs. Putnam's Sons are giving them, they will form a literary monu-

\* THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Collected and Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. In 14 volumes. Volume I., 1748-1757. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ment worthy of their illustrious author. Washington's official life has been known to all the world; but Washington the man must be studied chiefly in his own writings, which, fortunately, are abundant. Even in the mutilating and emasculating transcription of Sparks, thoughtful readers have long recognized a master mind; and in their original unstudied and often artless form is the revelation of a character only less admirable than his achievements. Is it a fame which the savior of his country would have coveted, which has, within a hundred years of his great deeds, stripped him of a large portion of that humanity which is common to all men, and idealized him, nay, almost apotheosized him, into a personage, an emotionless abstraction? Yet so it has been; and Washington the man—whose heart beat high with enthusiasm, whose eye kindled with fire, whose strong passions proved him a strong man, while the life-long grasp of an iron self-control upon them proved him a great man, whose loving heart prompted him to take little children on his knees and laugh with them in their prattle, or, while tears rained down his face, to kiss at parting the grim old soldier who had been his companion in arms during the long years of the long war,—has been plastered over with a mask of abstract virtues until mummified out of all semblance to a living man. The common conception of Washington is of a being made up of large intellect, iron will, and almost superhuman morality, but of one in whose composition the emotions form no part. It is time the ceremonies should be stripped away. Perchance if we survey again some of the characteristics of the man which gave him control of the men of his day, and shall seek their source in his common humanity, we may do something to bring down the personage to the level of the common gaze, and so find his life a manly and healthy life, full of stimulus and encouragement by way of example to the men of to-day.

We can but glance at that trait by which Washington is best known, even to those who know him only as "the boy who couldn't tell a lie." But Washington's integrity has a deeper meaning than merely his truthfulness. It should mean for us accuracy, thoroughness, fidelity—a trinity of virtues—in everything to which he set his hand from his earliest days, and express a character to which nothing was too mean or too unimportant to be done

to the best of his ability. This trait of utter honesty manifests itself all through life, his private and public. We see it in his child-code of conduct which he copied out in his hood days, in his manuscript school-books, which, as Irving says, are models of neatness, and accuracy, as well as in the remarkable boyish hand, and which has a living interest because we know that "he folwede it himself." It still speaks in the land surveys which he made before he was seventeen, and of which we are told that "surveyors of today, as they run over them, confirm his accuracy and skill." It is seen in his planter days, when "any barrel of flour that bore the brand of 'George Washington, Mount Vernon,' was exempted from the customary inspection in West India ports." It expresses itself in his public life, when, as a delegate to the Congress of 1774, he made it the one purpose of his presence in Philadelphia to attend all the sessions of the Congress, without let or hindrance, throughout the two months of its sitting; when he refused to take any pay for his services beyond his expenses during the seven years of the war; in the habit, which became a life-long one, of copying out any important paper which it was his office, and therefore his duty, to master. Throughout a half century of public service, one great secret of his success with men was that everyone knew that whatever George Washington should undertake would be made a case of conscience, and done as if it were the one thing of most importance among the affairs of men. No one was a more trusted surveyor than this boy of sixteen, no member of the local legislature was more looked to for accurate statement and judicious counsel than this painstaking and conscientious man, even in his early twenties. No other man among the many men of military training had any chance whatever of becoming commander of the rebels around Boston when they became the Congressional army, because it was known that Washington among them all was the soldier who would make it the work of all his hours to turn the rebellion into a successful revolution. No one was in the mind of any American for presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 but the man who, so soon as it was determined that he was to be in the convention, devoted continuous study to the history of all former federations. In truth, this man had that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which is the mark of great men. And when, finally, he was chosen first President under the Constitution without any competitor, it was because men knew that the soldier who had put his conscience into the great rebellion was the first statesman of the land, and could be trusted to put his conscience into the found-

ing of the republic, as he had put it into every act of his previous life. Let us beware of taking from this great man all credit for his virtue by calling it his nature. It became his nature because it began as a matter of conscience,—to do accurately, to do thoroughly, to do faithfully, at every moment of his career.

No outward manifestation of Washington's character has been more misunderstood than what has been called his imperturbability. He has been set forth in the current tradition as a man of so placid and yet iron composure that our admiration has been excited at the expense of our sympathy, and we have been prone to think that he lived in a marvellous atmosphere, above the disturbances which try ordinary minds and hearts. Not until we understand the secret of this imperturbable demeanor can we rate it at its true value, and see the heroic proportions of the man. It meets us at every turn, in every phase of his active life; but in three great crises of his life, which were also national crises, it is especially noticeable. Thrice was he called to stand where everything was expected and little was conceded—where a weaker man would have broken out in bitter recriminations, and would have carried with him the sympathetic verdict of history. All through the disgraceful campaigns of the French and Indian War, this man, who was already proving himself the first soldier of America, was forced to follow the lead of military coxcombs, to see the labors of strengthening the imperilled frontiers, to which he had almost given his life, thrown to the winds by incompetency, and to have no apparent reward. Yet neither neglect nor illness could prevent him from giving a subaltern service with a fidelity which more than once almost forced success upon his incapable superiors. But the heart of a man who knew his own worth was stung by the consistent insolence which depreciated the provincial soldiery, and his patriotism was outraged by the stupidity which was sacrificing a whole people to questions of precedence at the War Office in London. The heart of a man impetuous, impulsive, enthusiastic, speaks to us from his letters, but with a generous and large-souled indignation which was for friends only, while in the face of the world a serene and patient service went on, because there was a place somewhere for it.

Out of these years of abnegation he came a marked man, conspicuous for steadfastness and self-control, fertile in resource, rich in experience. When the minds of all worthy men, consenting to his destiny, called him to the command in 1775, the second and largest trial began, and the character of Washington,

now in its matured prime, faced the world for seven stormy years:—

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne  
And blackens every blot."

Manifold were the trials which came to him, and found him imperturbable; but threefold were the wrongs that were done him, and yet that broke not through that composure of triple strength which girt him round. His is the only case in modern warfare of a general faithfully carrying out the orders of a legislative body, with no civil executive to stand between him and this hundred-headed government, to shield him from the paralyzing effects of their divided and partisan counsels, and to preserve for his military movements that cover of secrecy so essential to success. It is pathetic to read how this general, for seven years holding the field against foes who far outnumbered him, for seven years patiently educated his masters, acting as brain to think as well as arm to strike for them; how he not only led his men to victory and held them in defeat, but reasoned a reluctant Congress into equipping and feeding the men they had sent forth. It is more than pathetic, it is piteous, to read how in the dark days before Monmouth this Congress, which had been constrained by its general to purge itself from incompetency, discussed the removal from his command of the man who had done his duty and theirs. But his serene and reposeful demeanor never deserted him. The man who could rule his spirit thus in the face of half-hearted masters was not one to blench when the cabals of envious generals gathered about him, or when the sectional jealousies of his regiments compelled the tactician to play the diplomatist. Neither desertion by troops loyal only to their province, nor the unworthy intrigues of jealous subordinates, nor the wavering faith of the Congress, could overthrow that composure which we so wonder at to-day. There was power in it—the tremendous power of reserve force; and it triumphed.

"Firmly erect he towered above them all.  
The incarnate discipline that was to free  
With iron curb that armed democracy."

We can allude only in the briefest way to the third crisis of Washington's life. The Ship of State was to be launched, and the successful general was chosen to be the helmsman for her first cruise. Great men, second only to Washington, were already ranging themselves in two great parties—one generous and liberal in its attitude toward the new Constitution; the other jealous and critical of any slightest interpretation which could not be found in the very letter of the great document. Yet the only hope of success for the untried govern-

ment was in the support of all men during those critical years of organization. There was but one opinion. Washington alone could unite the warring factions in loyalty to the new undertaking until it could be brought beyond the stage of experiment. Thus, a hundred years ago, the first administration was formed with a cabinet unique in composition. No other President has had the tremendous task of presiding over councils in which the two greatest partisan leaders the country has produced were asked to cooperate. But, alas, men are but mortal, and the attempt to yoke spirits so contrary as Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson bid fair to prove as disastrous as Phaethon's experiment with the steeds of the sun. It succeeded only because a firmer hand than Phaethon's held the reins, but at the expense of the peace of mind of the successful charioteer. To hold a firm and yet impartial government over a people demoralized by a long war, followed by years of headless and nerveless government, would have been a difficult task under any circumstances; but for the rival chiefs of party to engage in almost daily warfare in the cabinet might well destroy the unity and enervate the strength of even a time-tested administration. How serious were the complications within the cabinet, at a time when the situation demanded a coherent and united purpose, may be gathered from the cry of agony which was more than once extorted from this strong man. Yet it was a rare occasion in his life when he exclaimed that he had "never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning office, and that was every moment since." He had rather be in his grave than in his present position. He had rather be on his farm "than to be made emperor of the world," and yet they were charging him with "wanting to be made a king." Here comes out the heart weariness of a man who had already given a life's work to his country, and who turned with longing to that domestic life which was so dear to him, yet of which it was his destiny to have so little. Only after such an explosion of pent-up feeling are we able to realize that wonderful equanimity and self-control of his: only then do we understand that Washington's imperturbable demeanor was not a negative but a positive thing, a life-long constraint which he imposed upon himself, because he was always called to stand above other men and set them an example of that share of the god-like which is attainable by men. It was an ever-present feeling of responsibility which caused him to look upon himself as in no sense his own and permitted to live his own life as it came to him. It was the recognition of his call to a singular work which sobered and bal-



anced and ennobled him, until he stands before us the serenest character in history.

For this recognition involved three things which we must comprehend to understand this serenity. The first was his knowledge of himself and confidence in his own resources, which his conspicuous merit in the eyes of his countrymen gradually forced upon his modest and self-sacrificing nature. Beautifully is it expressed in the letter to his "dear Patsey" at the time of his appointment as commander-in-chief. This inevitable knowledge of his own character, of his own pure and lofty motives, of his own ability and success in all that he had hitherto undertaken, nerved him for his future achievements as general and president, and inspired his unchanging aspect in the face of lukewarmness and intrigue, as well as of battle. But his confidence in the good cause was as abiding, from his utterance in 1769, "that no man should scruple or hesitate a moment to use arms in defense of so valuable a blessing," down to the year which we commemorate, when he took upon him the initiation of the Federal government, with a full conviction that the heart of the nation was back of his government as it had been back of his armies. Finally, the underlying source of confidence was his trust in the God of Battles and of Nations, which appears again and again in his writings. He knew that Providence is *not* always on the side of the strongest battalions, and his whole life evinces a trust in the God of the Pilgrims which many a Puritan by birthright might have envied. It was these confidences, woven into one, which made him stand serene in the midst of the most disheartening circumstances, and explain to us the calm and repose which were so seldom absent from his conduct. If we have admired and wondered as we have looked upon his unmoved features, let us the more admire and also reverence as we look beneath, and see the strong impulses, the intense feeling, the throbbing emotions, which make this man one of ourselves. He is grand because he is so human.

"A nature too decorous and severe,  
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys  
For ardent girls and boys,  
Who find no genius in a mind so clear  
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,  
Nor a soul great that made so little noise."

Indeed, the one characteristic of Washington which most of us have ignored so long that we have become unconscious of it, was the one that his countrymen should cherish most. Let us, then, learn to know him as the most sympathetic of men, with a tender and sensitive heart, quick to respond to the hearts about him, of deep and strong and even tempestuous feelings, capable of the warmest attachments, of the most lasting friend-

ships, of the most pitiful compassion. Here is no warrior by profession, no man-at-arms, whose heart is steeled to human woes which his own ambitions have caused, but a citizen and a patriot soldier, who comes from the fields and fireside which he loves only because he puts country before all else. Yet it is to his private life that we must look most to find that susceptibility and responsiveness which warrant us in calling him essentially a man of feeling. We shall see it in his earliest years, in his strong love for his mother, which tears him from a chosen career; in his tender care of his dying brother Lawrence; in his juvenile love affair, of which he writes so comically and yet so pensively to his "dear friend Robin"; in the feeling accounts which he writes of sufferings among frontier settlers in the old Braddock days, or later revelations of his anguish amid the distresses of his army at Valley Forge. His friendship for Lafayette was one which seems to have given to the younger man all that paternal love which the old veteran would have given to his own son, had fortune so blessed him. For Greene, cut off in his prime, he lamented as for a brother. Tears streamed down his face, and emotion choked the utterance of any words, as he took leave of the comrades of seven years of campaigning; while to the veteran Knox, who had been so near him, he gave the embrace of brothers. If negative testimony is worth anything, then the absence of nearly every letter that passed between Washington and his wife, due to their deliberate destruction by Mrs. Washington, proves that these letters were not wholly occupied with agriculture or politics, but would have opened to us that inner sanctuary of domestic affection of which we catch glimpses, and which the woman who held the key thereto considered sacred. That this great soldier and profound statesman loved little children, we now know. His wife's children became his own; and when John Custis's early death left two little ones fatherless, the home of their father's childhood became theirs also. It is well to remember that Washington's life was not one "cold to the paths of children," but that his home was the home of two generations of little ones, and that its walls for many years heard their prattle and merry laughter. It is time to emphasize what we have seen so much evidence of, that the imperturbable bearing produced by a life full of great dangers and tremendous responsibilities was a mask, behind which glowed a heart alive with all the generous emotions of a large humanity. Let us realize, once for all, that because the greatest American did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, it is only the most superficial reader of history who will go on maintaining the



worn-out tradition of an after age—that Washington was great and good, but cold and impassive. No; from the day when, "sighing like a furnace," he had his first attack of love-sickness,—from the time when, amid the excitement of his first battle, he boyishly said, "I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound," to those last moments when he looked calmly into the eyes of the wife who said, as his soul went out, "I shall soon follow him, I have no more trials to pass through,"—Washington's strong impulsive nature was steadily growing into a marvel of self-control, marvellous because the warm-hearted and loving traits remained to the end, and the man of quick and genuine feeling ever shone through. Let us say of him, as was said of the only other American that can compare with him:

"His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars;  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars."

J. J. HALSEY.

#### SOME RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.\*

Dr. Wight's Introduction to his "Winding Journey" is more interesting than the book itself. The Introduction deals with his experiences as a young man in Europe; and he knew so many notable people that wherever he trusts himself to his reminiscences wholly

\* PEOPLE AND COUNTRIES VISITED IN A WINDING JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD. By O. W. Wight, editor of Madame De Staël's "Germany," etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ALESUND TO TETUAN. By Charles R. Corning. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

GIBRALTAR. By Henry M. Field. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FOOTPRINTS OF TRAVEL. Journeyings in Many Lands. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ginn & Co.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST. Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. Gerard. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ON HORSEBACK. A Tour in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. With Notes of Travel in Mexico and California. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

B. C. 1887. A Ramble in British Columbia. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck, authors of "Three in Norway." With Map and Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

SHOSHONE AND OTHER WESTERN WONDERS. By Edwards Roberts. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

DAYLIGHT LAND. The Experiences, Incidents, and Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, which Befel Judge John Doe, Tourist, of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the Man from New Hampshire; and Divers Others, in Their Parlor-Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain; as Recorded and Set Forth by W. H. H. Murray. With Illustrations. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

he is very agreeable, albeit with an occasional acridity of tone—for example, in the description of the London physician (page 41), who showed him attention, but fares no better at his hands than to be styled "a gentleman of considerable literary culture," living "in a pretentious house"; or the funny account of the Auerbachs' squabble (page 80), and the unflattering description of the famous novelist. The best parts of the Introduction are the glimpses of the Carlyles and the evenings spent with De Quincey, which is a pathetic episode, well if rather floridly told. There is about the whole book a naïve delight in the courtesies shown the writer, which hovers between egotism and simplicity, and is more amusing than anything else. It is like the unaffected egotism of a private journal. And there is, in this part especially, a carelessness of expression which sometimes is quite slipshod,—as in such phrases as "The belligerents cooled off *some*," and the description of Auerbach, "He was a very genial gentleman, short, rather stout, with a decided Hebrew nose, to which race he belonged." Dr. Wight, however, only "throws in" the first part of his book to show us how well equipped he is for the profound political studies which he pursues in the latter part. He visits the different people of the Aryan race, to compare their political systems. Naturally, one gets about four words of actual—and for the most part perfunctory—observation to six of moralizing. But there is considerable shrewdness in some of his reflections; and he is very interesting in all that he says about Australia. Here is not a badly administered rap at Mr. Kennan—alluding to the latter's dramatic appearance before a literary society, in rags and chains, to read letters from Russian state prisoners:

"If an enterprising Russian journalist, with little knowledge of the comparative history of civilization, with faulty knowledge of the prison system of the United States, with no special knowledge of the prison systems of various nations, were to appear before a choice audience of ladies and gentlemen in St. Petersburg, dressed in the garb of Sing Sing prison, with ball and chain attachment, such as is sometimes used, and read some pathetic letters from ex-convicts, he might unnerve some high dignitary of the Russian government, might elicit tears from some brilliant writer, might awaken sympathy with the victims of a cruel government, and might arouse indignation towards the unfeeling barbarism of the Great Republic."

Query: Why does Dr. Wight go to Sing Sing for his costumes? The striped suit of the Sing Sing man is a garb of luxury compared with the dress of a convict in any of our Southern prison-camps. Mr. Kennan can find as picturesque rags in Arkansas or Alabama as in Siberia; and, to our shame be it spoken, as blood-curdling tales of woe and cruelty and unspeakable degradation.

Mr. Corning, author of "Aalesund to Tetuan," has travelled over very much the same ground as Mr. Wight. He deals less with political platitudes (which is not to be deplored), and has more to say about the individual aspects of travel—all in an easy, agreeable, well-bred way, not especially original or brilliant, but helped by a twang of humor and a vivacious good-nature. Better description than his of a Spanish bull-fight it is hard to find anywhere. The Norse chapters are especially good. The book is very handsomely printed.

Dr. Field's book on Gibraltar has several distinct advantages over more voluminous travels. For one thing, it has a single clean-cut subject, and the reader's mind must not perforce skim on weary wing over a chaos of peoples, and clothes, and manners, and things to eat. Gibraltar also has a unique position and a thrilling history. The author has made a charming book out of the rock in the sea. His story of the "Great Siege" is admirable,—terse, graphic, full of picturesque detail. The final attack by sea has a peculiar interest to Americans, as in it, more than a hundred years ago, was foreshadowed the iron war-ship of to-day. The French engineer dreamed of the future monitors.

"His battering-ships were in outward shape almost exactly what the 'Merrimac' was in our civil war. He did everything except case them with iron, the art of rolling plates of wrought iron, such as are now used in the construction of ships, not being then known. But if they could not be 'plated' with iron on the outside they were 'backed' by ribs of oak within. Inside their enormous hulls was a triple thickness of beams, braced against the sides. Next to this was a layer of sand, in which it was supposed a cannon-ball would bury itself as in earth. To this sand-bag, resting against its oaken backing, there was still an inner lining in a thick wall of cork, which, yielding like india-rubber, would offer the best resistance to the penetration of shot. Having thus protected the hulls, it was only necessary to protect the crews. For this the decks were roofed with heavy timbers, which were covered with ropes, and next with hides, after the manner of the ancient Romans."

All this has rather a primitive sound; but the Spaniards shared the Frenchman's pride in them, and boasted with him that they "could not be burnt, nor sunk, nor taken." The garrison's defence was hot shot. The famous battering-ships might not be sunk or taken, but burnt they could be, and "at midnight nine out of the ten battering-ships were on fire." But for the thrilling scenes of the conflict the reader must be referred to Dr. Field; he will be glad of the direction. The book is illustrated, apparently from photographs; and the illustrations might have been omitted with small loss.

I do not know much regarding Mr. M. M. Ballou, beyond a long list of books of travel

of which he is the author; but from his interest in "youth" expressed in the preface, and his general safe moral tone, I judge that he is connected with Education. Reading his latest book, "Foot-prints of Travel," one admires to see how slightly the average traveller touches the life of the peoples whom he visits. But at the same time Mr. Ballou's book is accurate apparently, pleasantly written, and serves much the same purpose as Murray or Baedeker. It gives a clear view of the outlines of the geography, government, and social customs of the nations described.

All those—and they are all who have read the book—who enjoyed "The Waters of Hercules," will be attracted by Madame Gerard's sympathetic and vivid analysis of Transylvanian life. "The Land Beyond the Forest" represents to the ordinary tourist a medley of Hungarians, Roumanians, Saxons, and swarthy Gipsy musicians. The tourist's wife knows that wonderful things in "cross-stretch" may be picked up there for a trifle; and, if musical, the tourist indistinctly associates Transylvania with the Gipsy Band and weirdly fascinating melodies. Most readers interested in Continental politics know vaguely that there is some kind of botheration about the country, and a sort of conflict of races always simmering under the surface. But all these classes may find, as our friend the Amateur Photographer would express it, a "clearing solution" for their ideas in this charming book. Here we do touch the life of the people. Madame Gerard has no tenderness for the Saxons, though she does justice to their noble traits. She finds them "an unlovely race" morally as well as physically. "Their features, of a sadly unfinished wooden appearance, irresistibly reminded" her of "the figures of Noah and his family out of a six-penny Noah's ark;" while she found them callous, mistrustful, greedy and brutal to a degree. She gives doubtless the true explanation for the Saxon's repelling character: he has remained through his seven centuries in Transylvania, in the land but not of it; he has not been able to grow with the growth of the fatherland to which his affections still cling tenaciously, and at war with the races to which he has come, cheated and betrayed at every turn, gradually he has stiffened into the porcupine egotism of to-day. "The habit of mistrust, developed almost to an instinct, cannot easily be got rid of, even if there be no longer cause to justify it." The author thus sums up the situation:

"While compelling our admiration by the solid virtues and independent spirit which have kept him what he is, the Saxon peasant often shows to disadvantage beside his less civilized, less educated and also less honest neighbor the Roumanian." The Roumanian, a sort of Rip Van Winkleish

character, has plainly won Madame Gerard's heart; and it is a very winning portrait which she draws of their family affection, their kindly courtesy to strangers, their hospitality, generosity, and gentleness. To be sure, they steal and lie, and are so untidy—to use no stronger word—that they tell of one of their "popas," or priests, who, being offered a seat by an old Hungarian gentleman, declined, "as he considerably observed that he should not like to distress the noble gentleman by leaving vermin in his furniture." But this must be regarded as an extreme instance. Of all the races described, the Hungarian (who is only incidentally mentioned) produces on the reader the sole impression of nobility and manliness, combined with the traits which win affection. Madame Gerard thus sums up the three races:

"The Saxons *have been* men, and right good men too, in their day, but that day has gone by, and they are now rapidly degenerating into mere fossil antiquities, physically deteriorated from constant intermarriage, and morally opposed to any sort of progress involving amalgamation with the surrounding races. The Hungarians *are* men in the full sense of the word, perhaps all the more so that they are a nation of soldiers rather than men of science and letters. The Roumanians *will be* men a few generations hence, when they learn to shake off the habits of slavery and have learned to recognise their own value."

It is a long distance from Transylvania to Virginia and North Carolina, but there is something akin in all primitive peoples. And in one respect Madame Gerard and Mr. Dudley Warner are alike: they both draw life from the fireside, not out of the car windows. It is impossible for Mr. Warner to be dull. "Bad whiskey!" says the Irishman, "there is *no* bad whiskey; *some* whiskey is better than others." At times in his latest book, "On Horseback," Mr. Warner may fall below his own mark; but there is not a page to be skipped. The negro and the Southerner are painted inimitably. Take for example the picture of the meeting at the negro church. Here is a touch true to life:

"The irresponsibility of this amiable race was exhibited in the tardiness with which they assembled. At the appointed time nobody was there except the sexton; it was three-quarters of an hour before the congregation began to saunter in, and the sermon was nearly over before the pews were at all filled."

An interesting part of the Mexican notes is the description of the Titian in the Tezintezcan convent. Mr. Warner has no doubts of its genuineness.

"It is possible that this picture is a replica of one somewhere in Europe. I think that anyone familiar with the works of Titian would say that this is in his manner, that in color and composition it is like his best pictures."

Mr. Edwards Roberts is not only a shrewd

and painstaking observer; he has a graceful and vivid touch as a delineator either of scenery or human nature, and has the further gift of going directly to the point of a matter. His sketches of the West have more than a passing interest, since they do not simply describe the panoramic life of to-day, but deal with the causes of our difference from the East, and of both our virtues and our defects, thus compared. To some of the readers of "Shoshone and Other Western Wonders," there is more interest in Mr. Roberts's description of Nebraska and the great wheat plains than in the wonders of the Yellowstone. The book is illustrated by reproductions of some very clever photographs, presumably taken by the author.

We return to the tourist pure and simple when we take up "A Ramble in British Columbia." One cannot help being touched by the simple faith which the average British traveller seems to have in the importance of his personal impressions. He dilates on the conclusions which are borne in on his mind (where they harden into immovable rigidity), after the most cursory glimpses of men and places, sure that all the world hungers to hear them. The gentlemanly tourists in British Columbia do not spare us a deduction, and give us their opinions rather than their experience. This is not saying that the book is not interesting; it is, whenever the author forgets to be humorous and gives us a straightforward narrative. Moreover, he has the advantage of a fresh theme—a wonderful new country where no other Philistines have ventured; and in many respects he improves his opportunities.

The much-heralded book of Mr. Murray, "Daylight Land," expands into 338 pages the ecstasies of four middle-aged travellers and sportsmen over the scenery on the Canadian Pacific, the game of Southern Canada, and the luxuries of the railway table. The book is superbly illustrated with one hundred and forty designs in color, made under the supervision of Mr. Millet; the paper, printing, and mechanical appointments generally, are exquisite; altogether, it is a delight to the eye, and I dare say the admirers of Mr. Murray's perfervid style will be equally delighted with the descriptions. The best thing in the book is the story of "The Two Flags," and perhaps the worst outrage on taste is the tale of the hermit of Fraser. Are we to take this dime-novel stew of horrors for a veracious narrative? On the title-page we are explicitly invited to believe that Mr. Murray will give us the real travels of real persons through a real country. We expect some flights of the imagination about fish; but a hermit and a cave, and a secret passage, and picture of a woman with a dagger through her heart, and all our other childhood friends of the New York "Ledger," cut



a very queer figure in company with Mr. Murray's respectable Judge, and Capitalist, and "Man from New Hampshire." Mr. Murray seems to be of the same opinion; for having worked his blood-curdling plot to a climax, he drops the hermit with startling abruptness. Mr. Murray's sentiment is of rather a coarse texture; but he has a genuine feeling for Nature, if he does belabor her with commonplace adjectives; and his descriptions of sport all through the book are good,—notably, the contest of the Man from New Hampshire with his old blunderbuss of a gun. But taking the book as a whole, one cannot but wonder why it is not better.

OCTAVE THANET.

#### SIR HENRY VANE.\*

The expectations awakened by Professor Hosmer's admirable "Life of Samuel Adams"—noticed in *THE DIAL* of July, 1885 (VI. 65)—have not been realized in his "Life of Sir Henry Vane"; and yet the later work gives evidence of careful study and wide research. The insertion of matter which has only an incidental relation to the subject breaks up the simplicity of the narrative. The book would have been more easily read if this matter had been printed in smaller type and used as foot-notes, or been omitted altogether. Such speculations as these are unprofitable,—whether it was well that England and America were severed by the Revolution? and how there is to be "the coming together again of the English-speaking race into some kind of bond, moral if not political"? "To me," says the Professor, "it appears a consummation devoutly to be wished." A renewal of the political bond with Great Britain is the most un-American idea that could be suggested; and the least that is said about the "moral bond"—if the term has any meaning—the better will be the friendly feeling between the two nations. Each has a destiny of its own to work out, and it is too late to speculate on the two nations being more closely associated than they are at present. There is a greater probability that their complex commercial and territorial interests will take them further apart. A fanciful theory of the writer also permeates the book, that "the English Commonwealth was a forecast of America." There was an interchange of ideas between the two countries; but nothing could be more dissimilar in form and practice than the methods of the English Commonwealth—with its

standing army, the arbitrary proceedings of the Long and Rump Parliaments, the autocratic rule of the Protector,—and the democratic system which prevailed in the isolated American Colonies and the nation which sprang from them. Sir Harry Vane was one, but not the only, "link which bound America to the land of our fathers." Other statesmen had their training in America, and, going over to England during the period of the Puritan revolution, filled important public stations. From 1640 to 1650 emigration to New England well nigh ceased; for more persons went back to take part in the struggle in Old England than came over. One of these persons was Sir George Downing, of Salem, a graduate of Harvard College, who became a chaplain and commissary general in Cromwell's army, a member of Parliament, and resident agent in Holland. On the restoration of Charles II., he was again elected to Parliament, was created a baronet, made secretary of the treasury and commissioner of customs. Downing street in London perpetuates his name. Hugh Peters was another such man. He came over to New England in 1635, was settled in Salem, took a prominent part in the affairs of the colony, and went back to England in 1641, was a chaplain in the army, and a trusted adviser of Cromwell. He was one of the judges who tried and condemned Charles I., and was beheaded as a regicide. Robert Sedgwick and Thomas Graves went back from Charlestown, Massachusetts. The former became major-general in Cromwell's army, and the latter rear-admiral in Cromwell's navy. "Tis incredible," said a writer of that period, "what an advantage to preferment it was to have been a New Englishman!"

Few subjects for biography are so attractive to a historical student as that of Sir Harry Vane the younger. He was in public life during the stormiest period of Massachusetts and English history. He was a many-sided man, and of immense intellectual resources. On his political side he was fearless and sagacious, the leader of Parliament after the death of Pym, the trusted adviser of Cromwell; and yet, when the pressure of business was not upon him, he was a dreamer, and writer of religious and political tracts which have been regarded as visionary and unintelligible. At a time when a universal toleration of religious and political opinions was unknown, he put forth the doctrine, and through life defended it with the energy of passion and the subtlety of his brilliant intellect, that all persons are equal, are under the law endowed with equal rights, and should be free to express their opinions. He abhorred every form of persecution, even for the expression of sentiments which he most detested. As a Puritan and Genevan Calvinist, he dreaded the power

\*THE LIFE OF SIR HENRY VANE, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Leader of the Long Parliament. With a Consideration of the English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America. By James K. Hosmer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



of the Pope; yet he zealously advocated Catholic emancipation. When the founder of the Unitarian denomination in England was arraigned for publishing his opinions, Sir Henry appeared in his defense to protect him against the intolerance of the age. Richard Baxter and other Puritan contemporaries denounced his principles as whimsical and unsound. Sir James Mackintosh has said of him: "Sir Henry Vane was one of the most profound minds that ever existed; not inferior, perhaps, to Bacon. His works which are theological display astonishing powers. They are remarkable as containing the first direct assertion of liberty of conscience."

It was in 1637, when Vane was twenty-five years of age, that he made his first public declaration for liberty of conscience, which was six years before Roger Williams published his "Bloudy Tenent of Persecution." Williams was banished from Massachusetts in 1636, and it is a question whether he did not take his views from Vane, who was his personal friend and correspondent. The General Court of Massachusetts, with a view to keep out persons who might be dangerous to the commonwealth, had passed an order that no householder should entertain strangers longer than three weeks, without the consent of a magistrate. John Cotton, Sir Henry Vane, and others, denounced the order; and Governor Winthrop made a defense, to which Vane replied, and Winthrop responded. The three papers are printed in the Hutchinson Collections, 1669. Vane in his paper showed the injustice and impolicy of the order, and clearly developed the modern doctrine of toleration, which then had no foothold in the old or the new world.

In 1662, shortly after Vane was beheaded, an anonymous work appeared in England purporting to be "The Life and Death of Sir Henry Vane." The author was George Sikes, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; the work was little more than a religious rhapsody. Until fifty years ago, when Mr. Charles Wentworth Upham wrote his life for "Sparks's American Biography," Sir Harry Vane held an equivocal reputation as a historical character. The tory writers of England had abused him without stint. Watt, in his "Bibliotheca Britannica," terms him "a turbulent enthusiast in the time of the Rebellion." Clarendon described him as "a man of great natural parts, of very profound dissimulation, of a quick conception, and very ready, sharp and weighty in expression." Carlyle abuses Vane in his rambling, slipshod fashion, concluding his tirade thus: "Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!" He fared but little better with Puritan writers, as he had opposed the arrest, trial, and execution of Charles I. and the forcible disso-

lution of the Rump Parliament; and finally quarrelled irreconcilably with Cromwell. His brief experience in Massachusetts while the the Antinomian excitement was raging, his defense of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, and antagonism to the course pursued by Governor Winthrop in that bitter controversy, led the early New England authors to speak of him as an over-rated man. "Few men," says James Savage, the editor of Winthrop's Journal, "have done less good with greater reputation than this statesman, whose fame rings in history too loudly to require my aid in its diffusion. . . . In the pages of our author is found no deficiency of respect towards the fanatic who was too much honored in his early years when exalted as the rival of the father of Massachusetts." Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," speaks of him thus: "Mr. Vane's election [as governor of the Massachusetts Colony] will remain a blemish on their judgment who did elect him while New England remains a nation. . . . Before he was warm in his seat he fell in with the sectaries, and sacrificed the peace of the State to them, leaving us a caveat, that all good men are not fit for government."

Mr. Upham's Life of Sir Harry Vane furnished to the public for the first time a dispassionate and truthful account of this great man; and a more readable and graceful composition never came from the pen of an American biographer. A year or two later, Mr. John Forster prepared a life of Vane for his "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," taking his opinions and matter largely from Mr. Upham, and giving due credit for the same. Both writers are very laudatory of Vane. Professor Hosmer, covering a wider field of research, follows in a similar strain of eulogy. The literary style of the two earlier biographers is much superior to that of the latest, which lacks directness and simplicity, is overburdened with details, and is constantly leading the reader into by-paths when he would like to keep in the main road. Professor Hosmer finds it convenient to dodge some of the main questions which lay in the main track. Instead of answering the question, "What did Ann Hutchinson really teach?" it is easier to term the bitter dispute which nearly brought the Massachusetts Colony to an end during its first decade, "a perfect Donnybrook Fair of clashing authorities," and to quote what Mr. S. R. Gardiner and Mr. Brooks Adams have said about it. The subtleties of theological discussions in those times were so refined and so foreign to the style of modern thought, that it is not an easy question to answer; but of this we may be assured—that the brilliant and disputatious woman who, for a time, turned the little world of Boston upside down, had a meaning;

for she had such supporters as Vane the Governor, John Cotton her minister, John Wheelwright, and a majority of the Boston church-members. Mr. Upham addressed himself to the task of answering the question, and he did it satisfactorily. If Professor Hosmer had used Mr. Upham's book as freely as did Mr. Forster, an exposition of Mrs. Hutchinson's views would have furnished him with an interesting chapter. The two countersigns of the controversy were, in theological phrase, "a covenant of faith" and a "covenant of works." It was Mr. Upham's opinion that when we remove the outer covering of scholastic terms used in the disputation, the views of Mrs. Hutchinson "would probably meet a hearty response from enlightened Christians of all denominations at the present day." Governor Vane's devotion to the principle of perfect freedom in the holding and expression of religious opinions doubtless led him to take up the cause of the persecuted woman. It was a losing contest; for no people on earth had then any conception of the principle of religious toleration. No compromise was possible; Vane lost his re-election as governor, and Mrs. Hutchinson was banished. His defeat was accompanied by a scene of disorder and violence which reminds one of a modern ward primary. Governor Winthrop, the competing candidate, thus describes the annual election:

"There was great danger of a tumult that day; for those of that side grew into fierce speeches, and some laid hands on others; but seeing themselves too weak, they grew quiet. They expected a great advantage that day, because the remote towns were allowed to come in by proxy; but it fell out there were enough besides."

On account of Vane's popularity in Boston, the General Court had ordered the election to be held at Cambridge, then "Newtown." The next day Boston returned Vane as one of the deputies to the General Court, and by a technicality the Court sent them home. They were reelected the following day, and took their seats. The feeling of resentment in Boston over Vane's defeat appears in an incident which Winthrop complainingly relates. It was customary for the governor, when he attended and retired from Court, to be preceded by several sergeants wearing helmets and bearing halberds; and, on election days, for the sergeants of the retiring governor to attend the new governor from the meeting. Winthrop says that the sergeants of Vane, "being all Boston men (where the new governor [Winthrop] also dwelt), laid down their halberds and went home; so that the new governor was fain to use his own servants to carry two halberds before him, whereas the former governor had never less than four."

Sir Harry Vane's brief official life in Massa-

chusetts is a remarkable instance of precocious administrative ability. He arrived in Boston in October 1635, and on the 25th of the following March was chosen governor, being only twenty-four years of age. As the son of a privy councillor, and of high personal accomplishments, he was joyfully received by the people. He had been in office scarcely a week before a question arose which under the management of a person of less wisdom and prudence would have compromised the Colony with the home government. No British flag had been raised at the fort on Castle Island, for the reason that its cross was regarded as an idolatrous symbol. Governor Endicott had cut out the cross at Salem and the Colony had no flag of its own. A ship belonging to Sir Thomas Wentworth, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and later Earl of Strafford, arrived in Boston harbor; and the captain complained to the magistrates of the lieutenant of the Castle for alleged discourtesy. There were fifteen other vessels in the harbor, and their officers wanted to know why the king's flag was not shown at the fort. The reply was made that the Colony had none of the king's colors. "Thereupon," says Winthrop,—

"two of them did offer them [the colors] freely to us. We replied, that for our part we were fully persuaded that the cross in the ensign was idolatrous, and therefore might not set it in our ensign; but because the fort was the king's and maintained in his name, we thought that his own colors might be spread there. So the governor accepted the colors of Capt. Palmer, and promised they should be set up at Castle Island."

While these proceedings of the magistrates were going on, Governor Vane invited the fifteen captains to dinner, gave them good cheer, then frankly talked over the matter, and stated that he would arrange it to their satisfaction. It was easy, under these circumstances, to adjust a very serious difficulty; for if these captains had returned and reported to Wentworth, the implacable enemy of New England, that the Massachusetts Colony refused to raise the king's colors, the charter would have been abrogated forthwith. Winthrop, Endicott, and other magistrates, while admitting the right of the governor to act on his own responsibility, withheld their consent.

Of the magistrates, only the governor and two assistants, supported by a majority of the deputies, consented to the departure of Thomas Hooker and the Connecticut colonists in the summer of 1636. Vane's treatment of the Indians was very judicious, and saved the Colony from a general Indian war. Except for the Hutchinson cyclone, his would have been the most successful and popular administration of all the colonial governors.

When Vane returned to England in the autumn of 1637, the three most prominent

men in the cabinet of the king were his father, Sir Henry Vane the elder, who was comptroller of the treasury, Wentworth, later Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud. The personal relations of the younger Vane to his father seem to have been amicable, and yet with his puritan principles it was impossible that his father should give him public employment. For the next three years little is known of him; but when the Short Parliament assembled, in April 1640, he appeared as a member, having been elected as a puritan. Here, without taking a leading part, he attracted attention by his manifest ability; and, in order to secure his influence, the king conferred upon him the dignity of knighthood, and gave him, jointly with Sir William Russel, the office of treasurer of the navy. This parliament being unmanageable was dissolved, and matters in the kingdom went from bad to worse. The Long Parliament met in November. In it Vane had a seat, and soon took a conspicuous position both as a debater and a leader. In the trial of the Earl of Strafford he became unpleasantly involved by furnished evidence which doubtless led to the Earl's conviction. It was a paper he found in a "red-velvet cabinet" in his father's library where he was looking for other papers at his father's request, and curiosity prompted him to get the key and look into the private cabinet. The paper, in Strafford's handwriting, was a series of proposals he had made to the king in the privy council, which showed that he was a traitor to the liberties of England. Young Vane took the paper and closed the cabinet. When the trial came on, and he was ill at home, Mr. Pym called on him, and Vane, hinting of the matter, showed his visitor with some reluctance the paper. Pym, who was one of the prosecutors of the Earl before the house of lords, desired to take the manuscript, which Vane declined to give up, but allowed him to make a copy, and it was used in the trial. This is the most questionable act which appears in the life of Vane; and yet it was justified by a vote of parliament, and by his biographers, including Professor Hosmer.

Vane's extraordinary ability appears in his mission to Scotland, in 1643, when he brought the Scottish people from a state of sympathy with the king over to the cause of parliament, and had them sign the "Solemn League and Covenant." The result was seen at the battle of Marston Moor, where an army of stern Scottish Covenanters, joining with those of Cromwell and Fairfax, crushed the army of Charles I.

On the death of Pym, in December 1643, Vane became the leader of parliament, and there was no limit to his activity and influence, until, by order of Cromwell, parliament

was purged of its presbyterian members, on Dec. 6, 1648. He then retired, disapproving the policy of that act. He did not return to his seat until Feb. 26, 1649. In the meantime the king had been arrested, tried, and beheaded. In those transactions Vane had no part, and he earnestly disapproved of them. The Puritan Commonwealth now came in, and Vane gave it his earnest support, until the forcible dissolution of the Rump Parliament by Cromwell, on April 20, 1653. In the midst of those violent proceedings Cromwell cried out: "The Lord deliver us from Sir Harry Vane!" Here ended Vane's public life. He retired to his seat at Raby Castle, and gave the remainder of his life, until its tragical ending, to his family, his books, and to the writing of religious tracts. Cromwell needed his services, and often invited him to return to public life—their differences being political and not personal; but Vane declined to leave the quietude of his home and studies. His arrest, trial, and execution, after the restoration of Charles II., form one of the most thrilling chapters of English history. He was not a regicide, and his personal relations with the beheaded king had always been friendly. His life would probably have been saved but for the stern, uncompromising utterances he made during his trial. Death had no terrors to him; and he seemed to covet the opportunity of dying as a martyr in the cause of English liberty. The speech he uttered on the scaffold has made his name immortal.

W. F. POOLE.

#### RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.\*

The nine volumes in our list, coming from France, England, Canada, and the United States, all bear directly on the great spiritual problem, the position of man in the world. All but one approach it on the side of psychology and the relation which the powers of

\* MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS. By Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

NATURE AND MAN. Essays, Scientific and Philosophical. By William B. Carpenter. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION. By Lawrence Oliphant. Buffalo: Charles A. Wenborne.

A STUDY OF MAN AND THE WAY TO HEALTH. By J. D. Buck, M.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

GLIMPSES OF GREAT FIELDS. By Rev. J. A. Hall, A.M. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

THE SELF: WHAT IS IT? By J. S. Malone. Louisville: John P. Morton and Company.

MENTAL EVOLUTION IN MAN. Origin of Human Faculty. By George John Romanes. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS. A Study in Experimental Psychology. By Alfred Binet. Translated from the French by Thomas McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

FIRST AND FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS. A Treatise on Metaphysics. By James McCosh, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



man bear to those of the organic kingdom of which he is a part. These volumes not only indicate, by their number and the breadth of the region from which they come, the hold which this supreme question has on the minds of men; they also show, by the variety and extreme diversity of views on the subject, that the end of this discussion is not yet near. The methods of reasoning employed in one of these treatises would have but little hold on the writers of others of them. Not only is there as yet no approach to the same goal, but the methods in which these inquiries are prosecuted are not held in common. Dissent begins with the very form of the argument; and so from the outset proof is inefficacious except with those who share the views of the author. This fact plainly proves that, much as the investigators of our time are disposed to scorn what they term metaphysics, they can, no more than moths, escape the fascination of its light, and cannot hope to bathe their wings safely in it till they have settled more definitely its first terms and its true lines of unfolding. Empiricism cannot trace its path without the guidance of adequate antecedent notions; and no man developing these notions can find his way safely without the constant guidance of facts. Men must draw together in a common philosophy before they can part again in profitable inquiry, each making his own contribution to the aggregate of knowledge.

We can only indicate in the briefest way what the reader may expect to find in each of these works. "Modern Science in Bible Lands" treats, first, of the introduction of man into the world, and his earlier development, and through these discussions approaches the Biblical narrative. Later, it considers Egypt in its connection with antediluvian times; the exodus from Egypt, and the history of Palestine as associated with its geological formation. This book unites an independent scientific temper with a disposition to reverentially assign great weight to historic material. In the mind of the author, the two sources of knowledge do not lie apart with that conflict which they often present. He brings them by his expositions much nearer together than is usually thought possible. Those attracted by an inquiry into the origin and early history of man, especially those who combine with this interest an interest in religious records, will read this work of Principal Dawson with decided satisfaction. Many scientists may regard its conclusions as more positive and narrow than they should be, but the grounds of the author's opinions are laid open so fully, and are so inclusive of all the known facts bearing on the argument, as to demand careful and candid attention. We

cannot easily have too many of this class of works.

Dr. William B. Carpenter has been so long known as an authority on all questions pertaining to physiology, that it is only necessary to indicate what is to be found in his volume called "Nature and Man." It opens with an interesting sketch of the author's life, covering a hundred and fifty pages. This is followed by fifteen articles by Dr. Carpenter, gathered from reviews and addresses. The book closes with a complete list of his writings. This contains two hundred and ninety-three entries, and stands for a vast amount of careful work. The themes of the essays which constitute the body of the book, and assign its name, are chiefly of a psychological and spiritual cast. Among them are these: "The Automatic Execution of Voluntary Movements," "The Influence of Suggestion in Modifying and Directing Muscular Movement Independently of Volition," "Man, the Interpreter of Nature," "The Psychology of Belief," "The Doctrine of Human Automatism," "The Force behind Nature," "The Doctrine of Evolution in its Relation to Theism," "The Argument from Design in the Organic World." There are included among these essays a few of a more purely scientific order. The great mass of them indicate the fascination which the higher themes of interpretation had on the mind of the author. He seemed to feel that he was putting his knowledge to use only when it opened a path to thought in these wider directions. Dr. Carpenter found no difficulty in reconciling, under theistic faith, physical and spiritual phenomena. He says: "I have never myself been able to see why anything else than a complete harmony should exist between them." He regarded the laws of Nature as the expression of the continuous and uniform action of a Supreme Intelligence. This view is fully presented and enforced in the volume. Its words are the sober and subdued words of one who felt broadly, and on both sides, the pressure of many facts. These first two works are much alike in their spiritual temper.

The third book, "Scientific Religion," by Lawrence Oliphant, is of a very different order, and one difficult to characterize correctly in a brief space. The mind of the author is penetrative, erratic, highly spiritualized, and very unconventional. One is compelled to lay aside ordinary standards, and estimate him by himself in every discussion. He is evidently inspired by a very beneficent purpose, and has a keen, though charitable, sense of the deficiencies in the world's virtue. He has also great confidence in the lines of correction which offer themselves to him, though certainly he cannot hope to call out as



yet much faith in the minds of other men in reference to them. It will unduly prejudice most readers to be told that the phenomena which Mr. Oliphant regards as most significant in the progress of knowledge are those associated with hypnotism, spiritualism, and psychical facts which seem to be rather the unravelling of our ideas than the knitting of them together. The fact that these phenomena do lie so much to one side of our ordinary experience, ought, perhaps, to force upon us a more careful inquiry into them. There is one drawback, however, to these investigations, which we meet with not less in Scientific Religion than elsewhere: the theories which accompany these weird and illusory facts are as weird and illusory as the facts themselves. If we were to accept the hypothesis of Mr. Oliphant of the universality of matter; that each atom is surrounded by a dynasphere which itself contains atoms in turn enveloped in secondary spheres, "and so on, *ad infinitum*"; and that "this dynaspheric force is the agent in these phenomena of hypnotism, spiritualism, telepathy, and occultism generally," we should then be no nearer to understanding the problem than we now are. That men and spirits and the Divine Spirit act on each other in connection with an infinitely pervasive force, if not an unintelligible proposition, is one which in the world of intellectual and spiritual relations has for us no explanatory power whatever. If the world is made a plenum of atoms and atomic spheres, we understand it no more perfectly than before; nay, not quite so well,—for a world so stuffed with the same thing loses the simplicity of relation it previously possessed. We have not reached the point in which a "dynaspheric force" helps us in the least in working out the growth of society and the influence of mind upon mind. As flashes of light are all the more marvellous and beautiful as they penetrate and lie along the mist, so is it in the works of Mr. Oliphant. He brings out his glowing insight on a background of impenetrable conceptions.

"The Study of Man" is by J. D. Buck, M.D. The author epitomizes his purpose in his preface, and we take in order a portion of it:

"The cosmic form in which all things are created, and in which all things exist, is a universal duality. Involution and evolution express the two-fold process of the one law of development, corresponding to the two planes of being, the subjective and the objective. Consciousness is the central fact of being. . . . Experience is the only method of knowing; therefore to know is to become. . . . The modulus of nature, that is, the pattern after which she everywhere builds, and the method to which she continually conforms, is an Ideal or Archetypal Man. The perfect man is the anthropomorphic God, a living, present Christ in every human soul. . . . Two natures meet on the human plane and are focalized in man. These are

the animal ego, and the higher self; the one, an inheritance from lower life, the other, an overshadowing from the next higher plane. . . . The animal principle is selfishness; the divine principle is altruism."

This conception the author works out by a line of discussion whose salient features are matter and force, life in its various forms, consciousness, the higher self. The author seems one who lacks intellectual horizon; who has but a very partial sense of the difficulties that beset his way, and of the great variety of opinions that everywhere surrounds him. He moves confidently forward in a series of assertions which appear fully to satisfy his own mind, but are by no means obvious either in their meaning or in their dependence on each other. He has not been sufficiently beaten about in the endless controversy of philosophic truth to find distinctly his own thought. This slipshod movement seems habitual. One picks up examples anywhere.

"Two atoms attracted to each other, locked in a firm embrace, saturate each other and become homogeneous. Repulsion separates them just as attraction brought them together. Spirit thus impregnates matter, while matter embodies spirit; and thus are created atoms and worlds. The atomic stability of elementary substances, and the comparative instability of compounds, may thus turn on this problem of impregnation and repulsion." (p. 42.)

"If man's experience here and now can be shown to be derived from both the natural and the spiritual planes, then the soul is within the body, and consciousness within the soul. If consciousness is within the soul, and the soul is within the body, then the body is the theater in which to study both soul and consciousness." (p. 284.)

We do not object to assertions in philosophy, but there must be in them a clearness and cohesion that give them the force of truth. The author aims at a reconciliation of science and religion. "I hold that true religion and true science come to the same conclusion."

"Glimpses of Great Fields," by Rev. J. A. Hall, is remarkably like the last volume in the themes offered and their order of discussion. They are force, mind, life, the brain, the spiritual body. The object of the author is to enforce afresh the theistic view and the doctrine of immortality. He urges that forces exist independently of matter; that at least two modes of force—that of gravity and that of life—involve "a higher factor than the merely physical," and proceed under the immediate guidance of intelligence. But if these two "are to be accounted for alone on the assumption of an underlying intelligent principle, then may all modes be accounted for in the same manner." Other forces, the author thinks, may have been evolved from these under the principle of correlation. Mr. Hall advances also the doctrine of a spiritual body composed of an extremely sublimated

form of matter. He urges this especially from the fact of memory.

"Memory implies two things. It implies an organ upon which impressions are made. It implies the conservation of that organ. For when the organ perishes it must be clear that the ability to recall perishes with it. . . . Out of man's consciousness of personal identity comes an argument for the existence of his spiritual body; a something within man that continues through every change; that cannot be bare matter as we know it, and that by virtue of its persistence enables us to affirm our identity."

The purpose of Mr. Hall is admirable, but we cannot think that he has a very firm grasp of his premises. For example, this argument from memory can hardly be allowed any force. In every act of memory the same group of fibres, Mr. Hall affirms, is again brought into action which was employed in the original experience, and this fact is the basis of memory. If this is true, then every act of repetition, whether of thought or feeling, ought to be an act of memory; and if our personal identity is dependent on this form of memory, then memory should, under the doctrine of immortality, carry with it the permanence of the brain. One sympathizes, in reading the work, with the just aversion of agnosticism to speculation whose premises are too narrow to give its conclusions any adequate support.

One hardly looks to Texas for philosophy. Yet here it is, in this brief treatise, "The Self: What Is It?" Fortunately, the author answers his own query, or most of us would have found it too hard for us. His response is, "Sense is the Self, and all the senses are unified in one chiefly controlling sense, or Self." With this key to the problem given us, we still have all that we can do to master it. The writer seems to have two practical ends in view in his work. The first is to combat the idea that intellectual education necessarily makes men better; and the second is to deepen our reverence for the past, and to resist the too easily accepted notion of progress. "The growing opinion is that nothing stands firm; everything swings rootless in mid-air, ready to be swept away by the next breeze." The first of these purposes is secured by insisting on the merely instrumental character of intelligence, and that all energy and choice proceed from the feelings. The second purpose is reached by "tracing all intelligence to sense as its origin." If this is accomplished, we shall of course be much more modest in advancing our theories, and among them, this theory of "an essential progress." Mr. Malone has taken to himself very little space, considering the magnitude of his work; and if he has in any measure failed, he is fairly entitled to another chance.

"Mental Evolution in Man," by George John Romanes, will be regarded as a volume of great importance. This estimate may be readily conceded to it, when we consider the amplitude of the presentation and the eminence the author has attained in the Empirical School of philosophy. "Mental Evolution in Man" is supplementary to "Mental Evolution in Animals." The volume covers a wide range, and is especially full—as it certainly needs to be—in its treatment of language in its relation to mental powers. It is utterly useless to offer any criticism of such a work in a few lines, especially if one dissents fundamentally from its conclusions. It is one of those works that an earnest student of human intelligence ought to study, entirely aside from the correctness or incorrectness of its results. The facts to be covered by any theory of mind are broadly, clearly, and freshly presented, in that phase of them which confirms the author's opinion. If one is to hold an adverse view wisely, he will hardly find more readily and comprehensively the things to be weighed by him in their argumentative force than in this work of Romanes.

"The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms" is a translation from the French. It is a book which might well have been a chapter in "Mental Evolution in Animals," by Romanes. From the narrow extension of its subject, it has the opportunity for a full presentation of facts. Its method of reasoning is still freer than that of Romanes. Its principle seems to be, to infer from any method of action in animal life all the powers it would involve if performed of set purpose in the full light of consciousness. Thus, the movements of micro-organisms are made to imply the perception of objects, choice, perception of position, and movements fitted to those positions. The argument by proving too much is liable to have precisely the adverse force from that designed. It would be very easy by these methods to carry intelligence much farther than micro-organisms, and by so doing greatly modify, or wholly destroy, the notion we now attach to the word. Instead of establishing that which we attempted to prove, we should have subverted the meaning of the terms employed. We should have mistaken the damage inflicted on our tools for the amount of work accomplished by us.

Though the work of Dr. McCosh, "First and Fundamental Truths," comes last to hand, it is, in the general outlook of the author, allied with the earlier works on our list. Dr. McCosh defines metaphysics as a knowledge of first and fundamental truths: the volume is therefore preëminently one of metaphysics. The style is clear and simple, but is made

somewhat dogmatic by the entire confidence with which the author brings forward and everywhere applies his fundamental belief of a direct cognition of matter and mind. It is not so much a new contribution to philosophy as a succinct and compact statement, in one direction, of the doctrines contained at large in the works of Dr. McCosh, united with some historical criticisms in their support. It is divided into three parts. The first treats of the nature, tests, and uses of first truths; the second inquires, in particular, what these first truths are; the third discusses their relation to metaphysics, gnosiology, ontology, and science. The students of Dr. McCosh will be gratified with this concise presentation of the fundamental convictions involved in a philosophy which has now gained so much acceptance in this country. Those, however, who have not hitherto granted his affirmation, "If the mind does not assume and start with things, it can never reach realities by any process of reasoning or induction," will not find much in the present work to command their belief in it. The outlying conclusions of this philosophy are often more acceptable than the methods of approach to them.

JOHN BASCOM.

#### RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.\*

"November Boughs" is a title due to the same sense of literary fitness as that which inspired the naming of Landor's "Dry Sticks" and "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree." Indeed, paradoxical as the statement may seem, a sense of fitness is the predominant impression remaining from the study of Whitman's work, and this in spite of its indefensible

\*NOVEMBER BOUGHS. By Walt Whitman. Philadelphia: David McKay.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS, etc. By Sarah M. B. Platt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MONADNOC AND OTHER SKETCHES IN VERSE. By J. E. Nesmith. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

THE VIKING. By Elwyn A. Barron. With Preface by Lawrence Barrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

HESPER. An American Drama. By William Roscoe Thayer. Cambridge: Charles W. Sever.

MASTOE. A Poem. By John Ruse Larus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IONA. A Lay of Ancient Greece. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

THE LAND OF SUN AND SONG. By John Preston Campbell. Topeka, Kansas: The George W. Crane Publishing Co.

AMONG THE MILLET, AND OTHER POEMS. By Archibald Lampman. Ottawa, Canada: J. Durie & Son.

A READING OF EARTH. By George Meredith. New York: Macmillan & Co.

LEAVES OF LIFE. By E. Nesbit. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

SONGS OF TOIL. By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. Translated by John Eliot Bowen. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

POEMS OF WILD LIFE. Selected and Edited by Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A. London: Walter Scott.

rhythmic and verbal vagaries. It is the fitness, in the large sense, of thought and language to the character and mood of the writer. "Unstopp'd and unwarp'd by any influence outside the soul within me, I have had my say entirely my own way, and put it unerringly on record,"—this is what Whitman tells us in the "Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads" which prefaces the new volume. The absolute honesty of his work, coupled with the genius for style which it displays, ensure for it both permanence of influence and the respectful consideration of future years. Enlarge upon its faults as we may, the work still has rare qualities of power and beauty which it takes no extended search to discover. Let us quote the two poems entitled "Haleyon Days" and "Queries to my Seventieth Year." He must be dull of soul who has no sense of the beauty of the one or the power of the other.

"Not from successful love alone,  
Nor wealth, nor honor'd middle age, nor victories of  
politics or war;  
But as life wanes, and all the turbulent passions calm,  
As gorgeous, vapory, silent hues cover the evening sky,  
As softness, fulness, rest, suffuse the frame, like fresher,  
balmier air,  
As the days take on a mellow light, and the apple at  
last hangs really finish'd and indolent-ripe on the  
tree,  
Then for the teeming quietest, happiest days of all!  
The brooding and blissful haleyon days."

It is the reverse of the shield that comes to view in the other poem:

"Approaching, nearing, curious,  
Thou dim, uncertain spectre—bringest thou life or  
death?  
Strength, weakness, blindness, more paralysis and  
heavier?  
Or placid skies and sun? Wilt stir the waters yet?  
Or haply cut me short for good? Or leave me here as  
now,  
Dull, parrot-like and old, with crack'd voice harping,  
screeching?"

The poems in this volume fill but a score of pages, but every page has its charm. Upon one we find this faultless epigram on "The Bravest Soldiers":

"Brave, brave were the soldiers (high named to-day)  
who lived through the fight;  
But the bravest press'd to the front and fell, unnamed,  
unknown."

Upon another we are greeted with this word for Lincoln's birthday:

"To-day, from each and all, a breath of prayer—a pulse  
of thought,  
To memory of Him—to birth of Him."

Still another gives us this picture of the resurrection that comes with the springtide:

"Then shalt perceive the simple shows, the delicate  
miracles of earth,  
Dandelion, clover, the emerald grass, the early scents  
and flowers,  
The arbutus under foot, the willow's yellow-green, the  
blossoming plum and cherry;  
With these the robin, lark, and thrush, singing their  
songs—the flitting bluebird;  
For such the scenes the annual play brings on."

We find verses like these, scattered in rich profusion through the songs:



"Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire."  
 "With husky-haughty lips, O sea!  
 Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore."  
 "Old age land-lock'd within its winter bay."  
 "Isle of the salty shore, and breeze, and brine."

It is the very magic of style that informs these lines. For the rest, these "Sands at Seventy" contain no word that is objectionable as certain passages of the "Leaves of Grass" were objectionable. Nor do we find in them the violent distortion of speech—the "barbaric yawp,"—or the endless catalogues of attributes and things which made the poet's earlier work aesthetically offensive. Of the prose work which makes up the greater part of the volume, this is not the place to speak at length, and we will only remark that much of it seems to us as suggestive and beautiful as the poetry. The writer takes occasion, in his preface, to justify the passages in the "Leaves of Grass" which have been the subject of so much discussion, and "to confirm these lines with the settled convictions and deliberate renewals of thirty years."

Mrs. Piatt's graceful and pathetic verse is well known to American readers. "The Witch in the Glass" is a collection of recent pieces by this writer, all of them short, and most of them having a marked charm. Mrs. Piatt is peculiarly happy in the expression of childish sentiment. What could be prettier than this story of "A Child's Conclusion"?

"Mamma," he said, "you ought to know  
 The place. Its name is wicked, though,  
 Not China. No. But if you fell  
 Through China you would be there! Well."  
 "Fred said somebody very bad,  
 Named Satan, stayed down there, and had  
 Oh, such a fire to burn things! You  
 Just never mind. It can't be true."  
 "Because I've digged and digged to see  
 Where all that fire could ever be,  
 And looked and looked down through the dark,  
 And never saw a single spark."  
 "But Heaven is sure; because if I  
 Look up, I always see the sky—  
 Sometimes the gold-gates shine clear through—  
 And when you see a thing, it's true!"

When the author writes in a more serious strain, she can give us verse like this, taken from a poem on the death of a man who passed away in poverty and neglect, to afford an ironical commentary upon Christian charity:

"He did his best, as none will deny,  
 At serving the Earth to pay for his breath;  
 So she gave him early (and why not, why?)  
 The one thing merciful men call Death.  
 Ah! gift that must be gracious indeed,  
 Since it leaves us nothing to need!"  
 "As for us, sweet friends, let us dress and sleep,  
 Let us praise our pictures and drink our wine.  
 Meanwhile, let us drive His starving sheep  
 To our good Lord Christ, on the heights divine;  
 For the flowerless valleys are dim and drear,  
 And the winds right bitter, down here."

There are not a few well-known writers who might be proud to claim the authorship of the little book of poems entitled "Monad-

noc, and Other Sketches in Verse," by J. E. Nesmith. Such thoughtful and finished work is not common, in spite of the endless amount of current versifying, and, since the author would doubtless be too modest to assert the claim "et ego in Arcadia," we take pleasure in giving testimony to its validity. "Monad-noc," the first and principal poem in the collection, naturally suggests Emerson, and it is aptly prefaced by the Shakespearean line—

"Knowing a better spirit doth use your name."

It is a carefully wrought philosophical poem of the race of many of the more familiar things in Bryant and the "better spirit" who found inspiration in the same theme. The composition is in rhymed triplets. Here is a striking picture of the mountain at the hour of sunset:

"The darkened woods and dim dull streams  
 Brighten with the unearthly gleams  
 Which haunt the western gate of dreams;  
 "Which drape the hovel, lifted high  
 Between the water and the sky,  
 In beauty that transports the eye;  
 "And throw their bright prismatic ray  
 About the ruin'd, dying day,  
 Which sinks in darkness and decay;  
 "Fallen about the fading west,  
 By dim decrepit fires caress'd,  
 And shades that suffer no arrest.  
 "The gloom about the mountain's base  
 Crawls up and falls upon his face,  
 His form grows faint in night's embrace.  
 "He takes upon his breast and head  
 The glow which from the plain has fled,  
 Ere yet the dying sun is dead.  
 "The trailing glories droop and die  
 Along the lake where they did lie,  
 And the wild light forsakes the sky."

Mr. Nesmith's sonnets are even better than this. They may be said to derive in part from Wordsworth, and in part from Rossetti, the greatest master of the English sonnet since Wordsworth. We select "Between Two Worlds" as an example:

"Rivers of gold, and wondrous argosies,  
 With purple sails, and banners gaily dight,—  
 Palace and porch, and walls of shining light,  
 Which seemed but now to crowd the western skies,  
 Have faded from the world's delighted eyes:  
 Belated on the borders of the night,  
 I watch the ethereal shape take flight,  
 And from the darkened earth the twilight dies.  
 The faded fields grow formless, cold, and stark,  
 Fallen in shadow, like a lifeless swoon,  
 And sunk in black oblivion lie forlorn;  
 But now, low down, a nebulous light is born,  
 Where veil'd beyond the pines, the mellow moon  
 Pencils a fairy world upon the dark."

If it were not for the defect in the seventh verse, and the imperfect use of figure in the tenth, this sonnet would be a remarkable production. As it is, one thinks of "The Hill Summit" of Rossetti, and the same poet is recalled by such passages in the other sonnets as

"His soul's supreme occasion and true date,"

and

"Thus to the ark the olive-bearing dove  
 Brought from afar its branch of green to prove  
 That the great deep was somewhere islanded,"



and

"Beware lest thou should'st sometime after stand  
And mark with cold uncomprehending eyes  
Thy maiden Hope immaculate arise,  
Beseeching with entreating lip and hand,  
Yet feel no chord respond to her command,  
And in thy soul no tender memories."

In "The Viking," by Mr. Elwyn A. Barron, we have one of the most remarkable of recent works for the American stage. It is a blank-verse tragedy in four acts, and, as the title signifies, it takes us back to the times of the sagas. The elements of this drama are simple and conventional, but the action is developed with much skill, and with a rare knowledge of the requirements of the stage. In a preface, Mr. Lawrence Barrett gives his testimony as to the fitness of the work for scenic presentation, and expresses the hope that it may be produced at no distant day. In this hope we cannot but concur, both from a belief in the dramatic merits of this work, and from the desire, which everyone who cherishes the dignity of the stage must feel, that the theatre should no longer be so entirely given over as it is (at least in our own country) to work which has no value as literature and no tendency to instruct or to elevate. That "The Viking" has a distinct value as literature must be felt by everyone who peruses it; and it is with this aspect of the work that we are now concerned. The diction is serious and of fairly sustained strength, sufficiently archaic to meet the demands imposed by the time and place of the drama, and sufficiently poetic to warrant its being cast in the mould of blank verse. The verse is sometimes a little rough, but it seems to be purposely made so, as the author has shown himself able to make it smooth and harmonious when he wishes. This fact, as well as what we have said of the elevation of tone characteristic of the work, may be illustrated by the closing passage, which we quote. Hafthor, the speaker, and his love, Fenja, are dying, and his words are addressed to the king at whose hand he has courted the mortal stroke.

"My tawny ship lies there among the fleet,  
A golden dragon at her head. She came,  
My father told me, from the unknown sea,  
Full sailed to court the breeze, and yet unmanned;  
Her spacious deck uncumbered, and her hold  
Unlined with trace of any former life.  
He first beheld her in the summer light  
That marked the mid-day calm,—the sea serene  
As face of sleeping pool; yet on she moved,  
A thing of beauty and of life. A space,  
And from the prow there seemed to rise a flame  
That spread its arms and caught the sails and mast,  
And wrapped the vessel in a yellow cloak.  
Whereat my father sighed that craft so fair  
Should burn, thinking it the funeral bed  
Of some departed king. But, as he gazed,  
The yellow flame, as though an orb of light,  
Rolled from the ship into a ball of fire  
That fled along the surface of the sea;  
Then, cleft in twain, it rose into the sky,  
As 'twere two images, a man and maid,  
And vanished where the overhanging blue

Shuts in the fields of Asgard. All amazed,  
My father turned from looking, and behold!  
The ship lay moored before him. Such the tale.  
I think I read the omen in my fate;  
And if I lie with this fair hapless maid  
Upon the mystic deck, my ship again  
Will sail into the unknown waiting sea,  
Where our two souls entwining will ascend  
Into the region of the gods."

Sisyphus himself had no such task as that voluntarily assumed by Mr. W. R. Thayer when he undertook to make the American civilization of recent times the subject of a dramatic poem. The result is what was to be expected. "Hesper" is as prosaic in language as in theme. Pages of it at a time might be transcribed as prose, and no one would suspect that it was intended to be anything else. The motive of Mr. Thayer's drama is excellent, and his hero is a fair copy of Alceste, but considered as a dramatic poem it is neither dramatic nor poetical.

"Mastor," by John Ruse Larus, is an ambitious philosophical or allegorical poem inspired, it seems, at times by "Queen Mab," at times by "Faust." Mastor invokes the spirit of knowledge as Faust invokes the Erdgeist, but, unlike the latter thaumaturgist, greets the apparition with enthusiasm, and, under its guidance, sets out upon the exploration of the universe. The "greater and the lesser world" are passed under survey, and the searcher after truth takes refuge in a sort of optimistic mysticism not unlike that which marks the final stage of Goethe's poem and of the "Divine Comedy." The suggestions of the work are undoubtedly of the highest sort, but the execution falls far behind. There are, however, occasional lines and lyrics which arrest the attention and impress the fancy. But the diction as a whole is hard and prosaic.

In her introduction to "Iona, A Lay of Ancient Greece," the lady who writes under the name of Payne Erskine deprecates the current belief that "the poetic spirit has fled"; and it is evidently the purpose of her work to discredit that belief altogether by the most practical of evidence to the contrary. We regret to say that the case does not seem to be clearly proved. This "lay" is the product of a cultivated mind, but one whose conception of the requirements of poetry are uncertain and rudimentary. Such work is doubtless personally valuable and useful to its writer, but others can only look upon it as imperfectly echoing sentiments already fitly expressed in earlier works. The process is unconscious, but the nature of the result is undeniable.

Mr. John Preston Campbell, who lives somewhere in Kansas, starts out to sing the glories of his chosen State with equal disregard of reason, rhyme, and grammar, as they are understood by the effete poets of the past. A new civilization obviously demands a new

form of expression, and this our latest of Western poets seems to have invented to his own entire satisfaction, and embodied in "The Land of Sun and Song," as, with fine alliterative effect, he christens this favorite offspring of his muse. "If there wasn't a word in the volume save the title, it seems to me that a Kansan could repair to some fragrant heath, amid the golden close of day, and awaken in the mind a train of pleasing thoughts by simply repeating the words, 'The Land of Sun and Song.'" How much more fully, then, may he realize these delights when aided not only by the title but by all seven cantos of the poem as well! Of the fitness of this title, the author has an abiding conviction. "Whatever critics may say about the defects of the poem, still I have the advantage of them in knowing that they can throw no poisoned dart at my bosom for having selected an inappropriate title for this child of my muses." Far be it from us either to cherish so inhuman a thought, or to apply the petty line and measure of the critic to a production so fully competent to speak for itself. Plunging at once *in medias res*, we come upon the touching idyll in which Wizard Jake relates his strange, eventful history:

"Many years since a lady love I had;  
Ah, me! she made my young bosom glad;  
Her name was Martha Merilla Downs;  
Mine, Jacob Ross, with ten thousand pounds;  
In Connecticut she gave her name for mine;  
We heard so much of the Kansas clime,  
That upon one spring day very fair  
We got our trinkets together there,  
And in a wagon with a covered sail  
We started this fair realm to hail."

Alas for the hopes of Jacob Ross! The couple had hardly settled in their new home when one morning Martha Merilla took flight, leaving but a brief note behind.

"The note said it was no use to look,  
Because she had me forever shook."

Who could hope to make adequate comment upon the pathetic drama thus briefly outlined? The fine poetic fancy that appears in the above lines may be met with upon almost any page of the work. This story of John and the Indians is an example of firm, masterly handling, that timid conventional poets would do well to imitate:

"As the winter days fled on, away,  
Several Indians round about did stray.  
What may have been their thought,  
Their motive, their wish, I know not,  
But true it is John gave no offence,  
While them he firmly wafted hence."

What a vista is opened up by that closing line! The free prodigality of thought and imagination which characterizes these Kansas poets is something difficult for us of staid centres of civilization to comprehend. Peacock has it no less than Campbell, as will be admitted by all who recall the matchless lines descriptive of the prowess of Wild Bill:

"He fires with such rapidity,  
One stream of fire doth ever free  
Flame from the mouths of his fire-arms,  
For each hand a revolver warms."

But we have Campbell's explicit testimony to the teeming intellectual life of the Kansas plains. Does he not tell us that

"Intellectual editors swarming thrive  
In this realm like bees in a hive?"

And again:

"Here more newspapers of standard high  
Are published, both daily and weekly, by  
The energetic editors of these plains,  
Men of liberal, intellectual brains,  
Than in any other realm or given space  
Peopled by a like number of the race."

We would fain dwell at greater length upon this extraordinary composition, did the limits of our article permit. One final word of praise must be reserved for the author's characterization of that class of people whom he calls "the knowing Jeffries of the world's literary contests." We confess to our unacquaintance with the name of Jeffrie, but he must have been a poor creature, judging from the scorn with which he is treated. We fancy that the antithesis of poet and critic has never found a more striking expression than in this pithy observation: "The mission of a poet is love to man, love to liberty, love to God; that of a critic is hatred to human happiness, hatred to hope's aspirings, hatred to heaven." We like to hear a man express himself vigorously and to the point. Literature is in no danger of becoming effeminate so long as such poets and philosophers as Campbell are rampant.

Mr. Archibald Lampman is a young Canadian poet of considerable promise. His recent volume, "Among the Millet," shows him to have a genuine poetic feeling and to be capable of giving it unaffected rhythmical expression. His pieces include lyrics, ballads, and sonnets, as well as an ambitious narrative in Don Juan stanza and an "Athenian Reverie" in blank verse. These latter productions are not remarkably successful, but there is excellent work to be found among the shorter poems. From the sonnets we select that entitled "Aspiration":

"Oh deep-eyed brothers, was there ever here,  
Or is there now, or shall there sometime be  
Harbor or any rest for such as we,  
Lone thin-cheeked mariners, that aye must steer  
Our whispering barks with such keen hope and fear  
Toward misty bournes across that countless sea,  
Whose winds are songs that ever gust and flee,  
Whose shores are dreams that tower but come not near.  
Yet we perchance, for all that flesh and mind  
Of many ills be marked with many a trace,  
Shall find this life more sweet, more strangely kind,  
Than they of that dim-hearted earthly race,  
Who creep firm-nailed upon the earth's hard face,  
And hear nor see not, being deaf and blind."

This is far from perfect, but, despite the flaws, the impulse and the feeling are good, and the main figure is well worked out, although the minor figures are faulty. "Be-

tween the Rapids" seems to us, on the whole, the best piece of the collection. It expresses the feelings of a boatman who, paddling down the stream, passes the home of his childhood, unvisited for many years. One of the seven stanzas may be extracted without doing too much violence to the context:

"The woods grow wild, and from the rising shore  
The cool wind creeps, the faint wood-odours steal;  
Like ghosts adown the river's blackening floor  
The misty fumes begin to creep and reel.  
Once more I leave you, wandering toward the night,  
Sweet home, sweet heart, they would have held  
me in;  
Whither I go I know not, and the light  
Is faint before, and rest is hard to win.  
Ah, sweet ye were and near to heaven's gate;  
But youth is blind and wisdom comes too late."

If "A Reading of Earth" were expressed in the language of English poetry, it might prove pleasant and profitable, even when undertaken by Mr. George Meredith. But he has chosen to express himself in a jargon that out-Brownings Browning for grotesque inversion and uncouth epithet. We fear that he must be left to the esoterics whose delight in poetry is according to the measure of its obscurity and the daring of its acrobatic feats. Even Whitman's mannerisms seem preferable to those with which Mr. Meredith has stamped his work. It would be difficult to find half a dozen consecutive lines of sustained poetic quality anywhere in this volume.

Miss Nesbit's "Leaves of Life" take their text from a familiar quatrain of Omar Khayyam. The poems are simple but strong, and their melancholy tinge is not that of the feeble sentimentalist but of the soul that has realized the pathetic insufficiency of life and turned towards human suffering a resolute face. There is a breath of Swinburnian inspiration about many of them, which no reader of, for example, the "Marching Song" will fail to catch. The closing stanzas,—

"What do ye hope to gain by all your strife and strain?  
Ye will win yourselves but bitterness, and bale, and  
bane, and ban.  
Though we win all these and more, they outshine your  
golden store  
If they prove us unforgetting of the Brotherhood of  
Man!  
"What armies fight for you, O ye who are so few,  
O ye who are so few in a world that is so wide?  
The Spirits of the Light shall do battle for the Right—  
And who shall be against us, if these be on our side?"

are possibly a little too much like "The Pilgrims" to be credited with originality, but their message is one worth repeating in many modes and keys. It is certain that the sincerity and nobility of feeling shown in these and most of the other verses of the collection are among the most admirable attributes of poetic thought, and the perusal of the volume can hardly fail to afford a high degree of pleasure to the reader who is responsive to these things.

In the literary chronicles of recent years, the name of Carmen Sylva may frequently be

met with. Unlike most occupants of thrones who betake themselves to literature, the Queen of Roumania is possessed of a decided poetic talent, and the fame which she has acquired by her writings is due quite as much (or ought to be, at least,) to their intrinsic merits as to her conspicuous rank. In one of the daintiest of little volumes we have a collection of "Handwerkerlieder" which includes some of her latest work. These "Songs of Toil" are given in the original and in English translations, the one facing the other on opposite pages. The translator is Mr. John Eliot Bowen, who also contributes an extremely interesting biographical introduction. A particularly noteworthy fact is that the greater number of these poems are now first published in this American edition, they having been contributed by the royal author to the New York "Independent." The translation is good, considering the difficulties presented by the German text; but we must agree with the modest translator in urging those into whose hands the book may fall to "read the original, those who can; the translation, those who must." These lyrics are characterized by grace, simplicity, and sympathy for the humble life of the toiler. We like particularly those entitled "Mosaik," "Der Geigenmacher," and "Schifferlied."

Professor Roberts, of King's College, Nova Scotia, whose volume of verse "In Divers Tones" was reviewed by us some time ago, has edited, with discrimination and skill, a volume of "Poems of Wild Life" for the "Canterbury Poets." The collection is a small one, and so all readers will miss some of their favorite pieces, but as far as it goes it is admirable. According to the editor, "the prince of all wild-life poets" is Joaquin Miller, and we have forty pages of him, including "With Walker in Nicaragua." Copyright considerations prevented the inclusion of Bayard Taylor and Bret Harte. In our opinion, the editor thinks too much of John Boyle O'Reilly, and we should have been well content with less than the twenty-five pages devoted to him. R. H. Horne is a welcome guest at any poetical feast, and he is not neglected here. Pringle's "Afar in the Desert," than which there is no more typical poem of the class here considered, is naturally included in the collection. Walt Whitman worthily brings up the rear (for alphabetical reasons only) with the "Song of the Redwood Tree" and "From Far Dakota's Shore." The only adverse criticism we have to offer is directed to the choice of several selections from Stephen's translation of Tegnér's "Frithiof's Saga." Translations seem out of place in such a collection, and these particular translations are anything but remarkable. Take the final stanza from "Balder's Baal":



"Aska är templet inom kort,  
Aska tempellunden;  
Sorgsen drager Frithiof bort,  
Graater i morgonstunden."

The translation reads:

"T'ashes soon is the temple burn'd,  
T'ashes the grove is blooming;  
Frithiof, grief-full, away has turned,  
Day o'er his hot tears glooming."

The inadequacy of this is painfully apparent.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

READERS of Mr. W. C. Brownell's series of papers on "French Traits" in "Scribner's Magazine" must have felt that those papers were characterized by a degree of insight and a solidity of execution which placed them far above the ordinary standard of magazine excellence. They are now collected into a volume (Scribner), which may safely be described as one of the most remarkable productions of recent American thought. A study of a foreign people at once so acute and so sympathetic we do not recollect to have met with in our recent literature. There is not a page of the volume that does not contain some searching parallel, some wise epigram, or some thoughtful and comprehensive comment. The chapter on "Democracy" is as good as Mr. Lowell's Birmingham address. The chapter on "Morality" in France is far more just than what Mr. Arnold has said upon that subject, and affords a needful corrective to the somewhat perverse utterances of the English critic. In the chapters upon "Intelligence" and "The Social Instinct," the author has, as far as we are aware, made these subjects his own in the sense that he has discussed them with more accurate perceptions of the questions involved than any preceding English or American writer. The chapter on "Manners" suggests Mr. Frederick Marshall's chapter bearing that title, and has the advantage over it of being more serious and fundamental. The only imperfection of sympathy that is noticeable in the volume is to be found in what is said of French poetry in the chapter called "The Art Instinct." The pet critical foibles of most Anglo-Saxon writers about French civilization—the notions that the French are a frivolous, immoral, provincial people,—are effectively disposed of in Mr. Brownell's analysis. Nothing could better illustrate his attitude towards his subject than the good-natured satire of the following passage: "We are all familiar with the budget of opinions about foreigners with which our kindest and gentlest travellers return from Europe: the filth of Italy, the stupidity of the Germans, the insincerity of the French, the ridiculousness of the English, the atrocity of the Spanish *cuisine*, their ultra-radical conviction of American superiority in all these instances being based on the simple fact of difference." Mr. Brownell is one of those observers who do not find in "the simple fact of difference" adequate grounds for the indictment of the foreigner and all his ways; his method is rather to inquire into the causes of the difference, and to determine whether the foreign practice is not quite as rational as our own. The method does not always yield results flattering to the robust patriot-

ism which Americans usually carry about with them, but it results in sobriety of judgment if not in the effective inculcation of needful lessons. The writer thus very neatly turns the tables upon those who talk of the French "provincial spirit," and hardly needs to say in so many words that our own provincialism is a very considerable mote that it would be well to cast out from the eye before considering too curiously the beam in the eye of our republican brother across the seas.

THE "True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia" (Little, Brown & Co.) is the ambitious title of a contribution by Fredericka Beardsley Gilchrist to Shakespearean interpretation. The curious fashion of regarding poetry from what may be termed an algebraic point of view has shed a good deal of unnecessary obscurity over this play; and the student who plunges into the sea of exegetical literature is pretty sure to emerge in a state of increased perplexity. While we are inclined to believe that anyone gifted with a fair share of imagination and sensibility will best come at the "true story" of Hamlet by "sticking to" a good edition of Shakespeare, we may say of the present volume that it is readable and contains a few good suggestions. The author makes a conscientious effort to clear up the obscurities of her subject, and avoids, for the most part, the usual vainglorious show of subtlety. But we certainly cannot subscribe to her main conclusions. Her principal effort in the way of emendation is the changing of the reading of Hamlet's apostrophe (following the ghost's disclosure)—

"O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
And shall I couple hell? O, fie!"

to—

"O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
And shall I couple? Hell! O, fie!"

"Couple," in the author's proposed reading, stands for *marry*; so that Hamlet, in effect, exclaims, "Shall I marry after all that? Hell!" The ludicrous effect of the expletive, and the utter improbability that a man stunned by the revelation of his mother's guilt and his father's murder should immediately fall to arguing about his own marriage projects, will occur to the most uncritical reader. Curiously enough, the author seems to consider the "O, fie!" in the usual reading, to refer to Hamlet's conscientious scruples about "coupling hell," rather than to his horror at the story of adultery and murder. We shall also join issue with the author on her conception of Ophelia. Following out to a quite unjustifiable length certain suggestions of Goethe, she arrives at the conclusion that there was in Ophelia's nature a marked and dangerous proclivity for the "primrose paths of dalliance"; that Polonius, Laertes, and Hamlet were painfully aware of it; and that Hamlet's harsh treatment and bitter words were due to his warrantable distrust of Ophelia in particular, rather than to his loss of faith in her entire sex. Perhaps, in adopting this view, the writer was influenced by a praiseworthy desire of showing Hamlet's mental sanity and singleness of purpose; and, eager to work out her main thesis, she was willing to besmirch the most innocent of Shakespeare's women. The author's style is clear and direct, and many of her views are sound, and such as would be arrived at by an appreciative reader of the poet, rather than by one whose enjoyment was derived from his commentators. The



faults of "The True Story of Hamlet" are, we think, due partly to over-study of Belleforest's "Hamblett," and partly to an ambitious straining after originality and independence. It should be noted that she alludes with some asperity to the sapient attempt to degrade the scene where poor mad Ophelia scatters the flowers and chants her wild ballad-snatches, into a sort of absurd charade in which verse and flower have a hidden significance to be guessed out by the audience.

In these days, when so many ingenious people contrive to obtain their literary education at the expense of the public by writing books, the reader of current literature may esteem himself fortunate to encounter a book which has any one of the three excellences of style, reflection, or information. Many of the younger school of writers resemble the Japanese, who, Mr. Percival Lowell informs us, cultivate polish rather than substance. Mr. Lowell, excellent stylist as he is, has not made this mistake; he is as sound in thought as he is bright in phrase, and he has information of a very interesting kind to communicate. China and Japan we know somewhat vaguely through missionary reports, through the observations of chance travellers, and through the copious relations of peripatetic reporters who smartly write Japan or China up or down, after the fashion which seems so adapted to the taste of the average American. Mr. Percival Lowell finds, accordingly, much that is new to tell us about "The Soul of the Far East." The missionary is too intent upon saving this soul to find it an object of curiosity in its unregenerate state; the chance traveller does not even suspect its existence; while the astute reporter is professionally indifferent to a matter so foreign to a newspaper as *soul*. Mr. Lowell brings to the analysis of this new and very old subject, trained powers of observation and rare philosophic insight. His readers are therefore triply blessed: they acquire a large number of curious facts, they are provided with an acute philosophic interpretation of these facts, and they make the acquaintance of a charming writer. The titles of the chapters are suggestive of the author's method: Individuality, Family, Adoption, Language, Nature and Art, Religion, Imagination. This reminds one of Emerson's method in his "English Traits"—a work to which this may be compared in more respects than one. Since "English Traits," what American record of observations abroad has appeared, that is equal in fulness and precision to this remarkable little book? The chief criticisms that occur to us are two: perhaps the author is a little over-fond of ingenious analogies which are rather ornamental than illustrative; and he sometimes indulges in a refinement of psychology subtlety which hardly advances our knowledge of the subject in hand. These, however, are faults incident to the play of a mind at once imaginative and philosophic; to wish them away were to wish the author as commonplace as most of his fellow-travellers—not to say fellow-authors. The outward form of the volume resembles, in its simple elegance, that of the greater Lowell's "Heartsease and Rue." (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

THE first installment of Mr. Evelyn Abbott's "History of Greece" (Putnam), covering a period from the earliest times to the Ionian Revolt, meets a crying want. At last we are to have a history of

Greece which will combine relative brevity with scholarly presentation, and which concerns itself more with an attempt to present the facts as they are understood to-day than with the effort to expose the erroneous views of former historians. Mr. Abbott, as a fellow and tutor of Balliol College, has had abundant opportunity to learn from example what sound and judicious scholarship in the matter of Greek thought and life is, and in the present volume he gives good evidence of possessing the same. Englishmen are not prone to get off their feet under the influence of theories, and when they write history this practical characteristic saves them from brilliant imaginings, and keeps them to the plain facts. For one brilliant Buckle or Green, there is a score of Freemans, or Stubbs, or Bryces. Mr. Abbott belongs to the critical school, and writes with a cautious pen. Yet the constructive power, so necessary in writing the history of a remote past, is also present. A fine illustration of the constructive following the critical is found in the two chapters on the Homeric poems, entitled "Nature and Historical Value of the Poems" and "Homeric Society." We have nowhere seen a more judicious presentation of the Homeric question. The writer argues that the Homeric poems present to us, not a picture of the early civilization of Hellas, but merely "the ideals of character and life which delighted the audience to which they were addressed." He further says: "From this point of view, it is of the first importance to ascertain what conceptions of human life are found in these early poems, the ideals of morality prevailing in them, the form in which the noblest characters are presented to us. And this is the true use of poetry in history." In short, these poems give us, not the history or the ethics of their times, but imaginings as to the past and a theory of ethics from those times. The treatment of what may be called the constitutional history is excellent. Especially valuable are the sketches of the condition of the body social from time to time, which led to remedial or constitutional changes—as in the case of the Draconian code and the Constitution and Laws of Solon. We look forward with interest to Mr. Abbott's handling of the Periclean Age and of the later history, and trust he will avoid the misconception of Mr. Grote in making Greek history end with the loss of Athenian liberty. We want his guidance through the noble days of the Achaian League.

THE author of "The Five Talents of Woman" (Scribner) cherishes the old-fashioned notion that woman's true glory consists in playing well the part for which nature has best fitted her; that the woman who apes the man is quite as absurd as the man who apes the woman; that all question as to the general superiority of either sex over the other is futile, since each has its proper province. "Woman is equal to man! Yes, but equal by being herself, and not a pale copy of him." Home he believes to be the most sacred thing on earth—and woman is queen of it. We fear the writer is not an "advanced" thinker on these subjects; and that his "pale copy" is an unkind allusion to those public-spirited ladies who attend conventions and "run" clubs and debating societies. It is not to be inferred that the author of "The Five Talents" is disposed to belittle the capacities of women; that he is like the innocent young English curate who

placidity said to the ladies of his congregation, "Even you, my sisters, though *only women*, may yet find *some* duty to perform." On the contrary, he is strongly of opinion that whatever is good in the world is primarily due to the influence of good women. As to education, he says: "We believe in the higher, yes, in the highest possible, education for girls, so long as they are trained at the same time in domestic duties." It is to be regretted that the author has detracted from the dignity of his work by interspersing it with "humorous" quotations from American newspapers. He seems to be quite unable to resist pointing each moral with such atrocities as this: "A Chinaman is speaking to himself as he irons a shirt. Picks up a shirt showing evidence of having been well cared for, and says: 'Bachelor. Him landlady fix him!' Picks up another, buttonless and all frayed at the wrists and neck: 'Mallied man.'" Of a quite different cast is the following: "Above all, learn to be true-hearted and sincere. In a New Zealand cemetery, on a gravestone, is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words, 'She was so pleasant.'" There is something finely and genuinely pathetic in that epitaph; and it is worth a cart-load of dissertations on the sphere and mission of woman.

"FROM Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland," a series of attempted biographical sketches by Lydia L. Gordon, is a flimsy and tasteless book, made, we fear, like the razors in the ballad—to sell. The "sketches" are a curious hodge-podge of idle personal gossip, historical commonplaces, and flip-pant comment, served up in a style to the demerits of which it is hard to do justice, although its chief characteristic, perhaps, is a jerky abruptness that will remind the reader of Mr. Alfred Jingle. Out of fairness to the author, we subjoin a few extracts. The first will serve as a specimen of the peculiarity noted above: "Boston had risen in her might, made tea in Massachusetts Bay, thus defying the power of Great Britain. George the Third, in almost crazy fury, determined to mete out punishment to the rebels,—grass should grow in the busy streets of Boston." "President [Cleveland] went to New York, ostensibly to listen to dirges; well, the dirges weren't neglected, but there seemed to be marriage bells tinkling in the air. Once, Gilmore's Band played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, another struck up 'We've got him on the list,' and a third, 'For he's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum.'" Special stress is laid upon the wearing apparel of the ladies of the White House; thus we learn that "Mrs. Hayes was always richly and becomingly dressed, wore no jewelry, but indulged in priceless laces"; while of Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe, which was offered for sale, the author kindly remarks: "With the single exception of some lace, camels' hair shawls, and a few diamond rings, there was nothing which any lady could wear, or which would not have been a disgrace to a second-hand clothing store." The following tasteless allusion is made to the early lives of certain Presidents: "It is all very well for a man to be a cockfighter and horsejockey, to live in a log-cabin, to split rails, and trot around bare-foot, to sew on buttons or to tread the tow-path, and, after, rise to the Presidency,"—etc., etc. But enough has been quoted to exhaust the reader's patience. Books of this sort go hand in hand with "sensational" journalism in destroying the taste for good literature.

THOSE who have made the acquaintance of the rector of Scarning, the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D., in the pages of the "Nineteenth Century," will be glad to see some of his essays reproduced in permanent form in "The Coming of the Friars and Other Historic Essays" (Putnam). The author of "Arcady: For Better, for Worse," has been a student of social problems both in his own parish of to-day and in the England of the past centuries, and has brought the light of history to bear upon the dark places of life in a forcible and brilliant manner. The volume under review contains three pictures from the thirteenth century and two from the fourteenth. The former are: "The Coming of the Friars," those forerunners of Wesley and of the Young Men's Christian Association; "Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago"; and "Daily Life in a Medieval Monastery." The first of these essays does needed justice to those pure enthusiasts, the Friars, who almost alone redeemed the thirteenth century church from the charge of total forgetfulness of its original mission in the world; the second and third reproduce vividly the secular and monastic life of which ordinary histories tell us so little. The terrible "Black Death" as it was felt in East Anglia, and the beginnings of Cambridge University, are the subjects of the following essays; while the last one contains a sketch of that most curious of the many "cranks" who have turned loose the imaginings of their disordered brains upon the Apocalypse—John Muggleton, "The Prophet of Walnut Tree Yard." Dr. Jessopp is always worth reading, and these essays have a freshness of treatment which carries us back with all our heart as well as our head to the vicissitudes of old English life under the Plantagenets.

THE "Letters, Poems, and Prose Writings of David Gray," late Editor of the "Buffalo Courier," edited with a biographical memoir by Mr. J. N. Larned, of the Buffalo Library, are volumes worthy of a wider circulation than that of the community in which Mr. Gray was known and loved. Editorial writing with Mr. Gray was a fine art, and literature was his natural sphere. He was a keen observer, and a poet by nature. Only those who knew him personally can appreciate the charm of his presence, his conversation, and his generous sympathies, or can understand why he was so admired and beloved by his fellow citizens. The life and character of David Gray is an interesting theme, and has been worthily treated by Mr. Larned. Mr. Gray made several extended trips abroad, and few travellers have written home more delightful and instructive letters. In style, and the happy faculty of imparting the information a cultivated reader would like to have, they remind us of Mr. Hillard's "Six Months in Italy." Mr. Gray's travels, however, extended over a period of three years. He was killed in a railroad accident between Buffalo and New York, March 16, 1887. The two volumes, brought out in charming typography, seem to have been issued by a committee of citizens of Buffalo, as a privately-printed edition; yet it can now be obtained of the editor, Mr. Larned. It is a work of permanent value, and is likely to become rare.

MR. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON'S "Travellers and Outlaws" is one of those rare books that beguile the reader into "sitting up after bedtime."

We turn page after page, expecting to reach an available stopping-place; but the action never flags, and we are held in an agreeable state of expectancy until the end. The contents of this volume comprise five historical episodes: "The Maroons of Jamaica," "The Maroons of Surinam," "Gabriel's Defeat," "Denmark Vesey," and "Nat Turner's Insurrection"; the adventures of "A Revolutionary Congressman on Horseback," and a deliciously quaint and humorous sketch entitled "A New England Vagabond." The stories of the American negro insurrections are capitably told, and the author has managed to gather a good deal of out-of-the-way information regarding the insurgents, and their subsequent trial and conviction. Mr. Higginson's writings display a grace, refinement, and directness of expression that commend them to lovers of good literature. The volume is neatly gotten up by its publishers (Lee & Shepard), and is furnished with an index and an appendix of authorities.

A CAPITAL little "Manual of Decorative Composition," by Henri Mayeux, Architect to the French Government, and Professor in the Municipal Schools of Paris, is published by D. Appleton & Co. The work is intended as a handbook for industrial artists, designers, decorators, etc., its aim being entirely practical, although several chapters are devoted to the theoretical side of the subject. The second part of the volume is a treatise on materials used in decoration, and the various processes, and renders accessible a good deal of useful information that would otherwise demand laborious research. While the scope of the work does not admit of exhaustive criticism, or full consideration of the subject from an aesthetic standpoint, it will be found of real practical value. The three hundred illustrations are excellent of their kind. By an unfortunate error, the drawings for Fig. 6 and those for Fig. 7 have been interchanged; otherwise the make-up of the volume is unexceptionable.

A REVISED edition of W. Sloane Kennedy's life of Longfellow comes from the Lothrop Company. While this volume will not bear comparison with the excellent "Life" and "Final Memorials" by the poet's brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, it contains plenty of readable matter— anecdotes, letters, poetical tributes, general criticism, etc., thrown together in a rather chaotic way. The book is simply a collection of biographical material; it resembles, as Dr. Holmes says, "a huckleberry-pudding, containing a great many good huckleberries and very little batter." It is fairly well bound and printed, and is furnished with fourteen illustrations and two portraits of Mr. Longfellow.

THE "Lives of the Presidents from Washington to Cleveland" (Lee & Shepard) is a series of biographical outlines presenting the main facts of each life, without attempting the discussion of policy or measures. The earlier sketches, by John Frost, are written with a vast deal of old-fashioned "preciosity" and indirectness, and seem to have been in type for a decade or more; the later lives, by Harry W. French, are an improvement as to style, the author making the most of his limited space. The print of the earlier portions of the book is very poor. Of the "portraits" we forbear to speak.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Third Volume of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" (Catarrh to Dion) is just issued by J. B. Lippincott Company. They announce a new novel by Captain King, entitled "The Queen of Bedlam."

MRS. BURNETT's new story, "The Pretty Sister of José," a tale of Spanish life, will shortly be published by the Scribners. The same firm are the American publishers of Mr. J. A. Froude's forthcoming American novel.

THE Pen Publishing Co. of Philadelphia have just issued a new edition of "A Bachelor's Wedding Trip," by Charles Pomeroy Sherman,—a sprightly work of which the first edition was issued anonymously last summer.

A VOLUME of miscellaneous articles by Andrew Lang is just published by Longmans, Green & Co., with the appropriate title, "Lost Leaders." The articles are thirty in number, and have appeared as "leaders" in English newspapers.

AN account of "Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777," with an outline sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-6, by Samuel Adams Drake, is announced by Lee & Shepard. They also have in press "Every-day Business, Notes on its Practical Details," by M. S. Emery.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with their handsome edition of Motley's Letters (a charming work, to be more fully reviewed in another number of THE DIAL), the Messrs. Harper issue new editions of Motley's well-known historical works, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," and "John of Barneveld."

A NEW Life of Lafayette, by Bayard Tuckerman, is about to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. They announce also, "The Home Acre," by the late E. P. Roe; "Emin Pasha in Central Africa," with two portraits, maps, and notes; "The Ascent of Kasai," by Captain Latrobe Bateman, with illustrations and maps; and a new edition of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's novels.

THE third volume of Morley's "English Writers," covering the period from the Conquest to Chaucer, is just issued by Cassell & Co. Also, by the same publishers, "A Latin-quarter Courtship," a new story by Sidney Luska; "European Glimpses and Glances," by J. M. Emerson, with illustrations; and a revised edition for 1889 of the well-known "Cassell's Pocket Guide to Europe."

A NEW library of standard English Literature, styled "The Carisbrooke Library," edited by Henry Morley and published by Routledge & Sons, is introduced by Swift's "The Tale of a Tub, and other Works," and John Gower's "Tales of the Seven Deadly Sins," in two volumes. They are substantial 12mos, of about 450 pages each, with good type and paper, and are sold at the popular price of \$1 each.

THE first section of "The Century Dictionary," an enterprise already described briefly in these columns, will be ready for subscribers early in May. The specimen sheets sent us confirm the expectations as to the high character of the work. The wood-cuts are of singular excellence, and are very profuse; while the typography and paper are all that could be wished. The literary features of the work will be treated more fully in these pages at a future time.



AN article of especial interest to Chicago readers will appear in the June "Century," with the title "An Amateur Astronomer." It is a sketch of the remarkable career and achievements of Mr. S. W. Burnham, for many years a resident of Chicago, now the Assistant Astronomer of Lick Observatory in California. The article was written by the late John Fraser.

HARPER & BROTHERS announce for Spring publication: "Between the Lines," by Captain Charles King; "Uncle Peter's Trust," by George B. Perry; "Princess Liliuokalani, and Other Stories," by Henrietta C. Wright; "Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse," from the works of standard authors, edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe; and a revised and enlarged edition of Prof. Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature."

THE first number has appeared (for March) of "La Revue Française," a new eclectic monthly, whose purpose is "to furnish readers and students of French with the select works of the best French authors, annotated where necessary, and with essays on the study of the French language and literature by competent teachers and writers." Future numbers of the magazine will be illustrated. It is published at 39 West 14th st., New York City.

VOLUME I. of Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America" has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is the seventh volume in the order of publication; and one more volume, which will contain the general index, will complete this excellent series. The present volume (I.) is devoted to "America Before Columbus," with biographical and descriptive essays on historical sources and authorities, and a General Introduction by the Editor.

AMONG the forthcoming publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons are: "The Constitutional History of the United States, as Seen in the Development of American Law," a series of papers by Thomas M. Cooley, Henry Hitchcock, Geo. W. Biddle, Charles A. Kent, and Daniel H. Chamberlain; a Report of the Proceedings at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association; Vol. I. of the Papers of the American Society of Church History; a translation of Dante's "Convito," by Katharine Hillard; a third volume in Mr. Phyfe's series on pronunciation, entitled "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced"; and "An Essay on Money," by James Platt, author of "Business."

RECENT publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. include "A Constitutional History and Government of the United States," by J. S. Langdon, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York; "A White Umbrella in Mexico," by F. Hopkinson Smith, with illustrations by the author; "Passe Rose," a novel by Arthur S. Hardy; the Works of Rowland Gibson Hazard, in four volumes, edited by Miss Caroline Hazard; "Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee," by Nicholas Paine Gilman; "Home Gymnastics for the Well and the Sick," Translated from the German; "The Immanent God, and other Sermons," by A. W. Jackson; and a "Holmes Birthday Book," uniform with the Longfellow and other Birthday Books published by this house.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. of London will soon publish, says "The Athenæum," some hitherto unprinted letters of Mrs. Carlyle, "written to an intimate friend of her girlhood, some of them

before her marriage and some during the Craigenputtock period, a very few belonging to the years after 1834, at which date the letters in Mr. Froude's "Letters and Memoirs of Jane Welsh Carlyle" begin. The earlier letters are said to throw new light on her mind and character, the growing influence of Carlyle being distinctly perceptible in them. A few letters of Carlyle's never before published are included in the collection; one of these gives an account of the settling in Chelsea, the others relate to his projected "History of German Literature," and to Baillie's letters and other books which he used while preparing for Cromwell."

PROMISED additions to Washington Centennial literature are numerous. Besides Mr. Ford's admirable edition of "The Writings of Washington," the same publishers (Putnam's Sons) announce a "unique limited edition" of Irving's "Life of Washington," in five volumes, large quarto, with many wood-cut and steel-plate illustrations; also, a small volume called "The Ideals of the Republic," comprising Washington's Inaugurals, his Farewell Address, and other papers. A new "Life of Washington," by Henry Cabot Lodge, is to form two volumes of the "American Statesmen" series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Frederick Saunders, of the Astor Library, has arranged a "Washington Centennial Souvenir," which will be published by Thomas Whittaker. The "Old South Leaflets" (an excellent series, published by D. C. Heath & Co.), give in one number Washington's Inaugural Addresses, together with an account of his inauguration selected from Irving's "Life of Washington."

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

APRIL, 1883.

Abbotsford. Sir Walter Scott. *Harper's*.  
Agnosticism. T. H. Huxley. *Popular Science*.  
Anti-Semitic Agitation in Europe. G. H. Schodde. *And.*  
Basin, Thos. Bishop of Lisieux. F. C. Lowell. *Atlantic*.  
Buffalo, Domestication of. J. W. Daboe. *Popular Science*.  
Chemical Elements. J. P. Cooke. *Popular Science*.  
Church Hospitality. *Andover*.  
Cicero's Closing Years. Harriet W. Preston. *Atlantic*.  
Commerce and the Constitution. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Corrupt Practices Act. *Andover*.  
Contention, Anatomy of the. Thos. Dwight. *Scribner's*.  
Creed Subscription. *Andover*.  
Diving Birds. John R. Coryell. *Harper's*.  
Espy, James Pollard. *Popular Science*.  
Family Physicians. A. H. Smith. *Harper's*.  
Green, T. H., Philosophy of. John Dewey. *Andover*.  
Human Mind, Origin of. G. J. Romanes. *Popular Science*.  
Ibsen, Henrik. G. R. Carpenter. *Scribner's*.  
Mount St. Elias. Wm. Williams. *Scribner's*.  
Natural Gas. Jos. F. James. *Popular Science*.  
Norway. Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. *Harper's*.  
Ocean Steamers, Building of. W. H. Rideling. *Scribner's*.  
Parisian Cafés. Theodore Child. *Harper's*.  
People in Government. H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic*.  
Philosophical Studies, Recent. John Bascom. *Dial*.  
Plants in Witchcraft. Thielson Dyer. *Popular Science*.  
Poetry, Recent. William M. Payne. *Dial*.  
Public Schools and Religion. W. E. Griffin. *Andover*.  
Railroad Strikes. C. F. Adams. *Scribner's*.  
Rossetti's Poetry. H. W. Mabie. *Andover*.  
Science and "Christian Science." F. A. Fernald. *Pop. Sci.*  
Spiritualism. Jos. Jastrow. *Popular Science*.  
Tangier and Morocco. Benj. Constant. *Harper's*.  
Travel, Recent Books of. Octave Thanet. *Dial*.  
Vane, Sir Henry. W. F. Poole. *Dial*.  
Variation. C. V. Riley. *Popular Science*.  
Venice to Assos. W. C. Lawton. *Atlantic*.  
Washington. Mrs. M. J. Lamb. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Washington the Man. J. J. Halsey. *Dial*.  
Washington's Inauguration. J. B. McMaster. *Harper's*.  
Washington City. C. K. Tuckerman. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Washingtonland. M. D. Conway. *Harper's*.  
Week Day Religious Instruction of Children. *Andover*.  
Why Our Science Students Go to Germany. *Atlantic*.  
Zoological Gardens. R. W. Shufeldt. *Popular Science*.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all books received by THE DIAL during the month of March, 1889.]

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

- The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L.,** author of "The History of the United Netherlands," etc. Edited by George William Curtis. With Portrait. In two volumes. Royal 8vo. Gilt top. Harper & Bros. \$7.00.
- French Traits.** An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. 12mo, pp. 411. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Recollections of a Literary Man.** Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Laura Ensor. Illustrated by Bieler, Montégut, and others. 12mo, pp. 288. Paper. Uncut. Geo. Routledge & Sons. \$1.50.
- An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning.** By William John Alexander, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 212. Ginn & Co. \$1.10.
- The Writings of Jonathan Swift.** Edited by Henry Morley, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 448. *The Carisbrooke Library.* Geo. Routledge & Sons. \$1.00.
- The Fragments of the Works of Heraclitus of Ephesus on Nature.** Translated from the Greek Text of Bywater, with an Introduction, Historical and Critical, by G. T. W. Patrick, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 131. Baltimore: N. Murray. \$1.00.
- A White Umbrella in Mexico.** By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by the Author. 18mo, pp. 227. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Essays on Goethe.** By Thomas Carlyle. 18mo, pp. 192. *Cassell's National Library.* 10 cents.
- The Holmes Birthday Book.** With a Portrait. 18mo, pp. 407. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
- The Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book.** Selections from Her Works. With a Portrait. Arranged and Edited by Her Daughter, Laura E. Richards. 18mo, pp. 233. Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.
- Timon of Athens.** By William Shakespeare. 24mo, pp. 192. Paper. *Cassell's National Library.* 10 cents.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- English Wayfarer Life in the Middle Ages (XIVth Century).** By J. J. Asserand. Translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith, editor of "Ricart's Calendar." Illustrated. Large 8vo, pp. 431. Gilt top. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.
- The Story of Washington, the National Capital.** By Charles Burr Todd, author of "The Story of New York." Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 416. *Great Cities of the Republic.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
- Municipal History of New Orleans.** By William W. Howe. 8vo, pp. 33. Paper. *Johns Hopkins University Studies.* 25 cents.
- Charles George Gordon.** By Colonel Sir William F. Butler. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 253. *English Men of Action.* Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.

## POLITICAL AND SOCIAL STUDIES.

- The Constitutional History and Government of the United States.** A Series of Lectures. By Judson S. Landon, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 389. Gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.
- Constitutional Government in Spain.** A Sketch. By J. L. M. Curry, LL.D. 16mo, pp. 222. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.
- Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee.** A Study in the Evolution of the Wages System. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. 8vo, pp. 460. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.
- The Plantation Negro as a Freeman.** Observations on His Character, Condition, and Prospects in Virginia. By Philip A. Bruce. 8vo, pp. 262. *Questions of the Day.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Politics as a Duty and a Career.** By Moorfield Storey. 8vo, pp. 33. Paper. *Questions of the Day.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.

## PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

- First and Fundamental Truths.** Being a Treatise on Metaphysics. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D., author of "Method of Divine Government." 12mo, pp. 390. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.
- Mental Evolution in Man.** Origin of Human Faculty. By George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., author of "Animal Intelligence." 8vo, pp. 452. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.
- Argas, Semites, and Jews, Jehovah and the Christ.** A Record of Spiritual Advance from the Household or Personal God of the Semite Abram, and from Jehovah, the Tutelary or National God of the Israelites, to the Universal Father Revealed by Jesus the Christ. By Lorenzo Burge, author of "Fre-Glacial Man." 12mo, pp. 308. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

- The Immanent God, and Other Sermons.** By Abraham W. Jackson. 12mo, pp. 139. Gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
- The Cross, Ancient and Modern.** By Wilson W. Blake. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 52. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.50.

## BOOKS FOR EASTER.

- From Snow to Sunshine.** By Alice Wellington Rollins. With Water-Color Drawings of Butterflies by Susie Barstow Skelding. Oblong. Cover in Color and Gilt. Tied. F. A. Stokes & Bro. \$1.50.
- Heaven and Earth.** An Antiphon. By Edith M. Thomas. Illustrated with Half-tone Engravings by W. St. John Harper. Oblong. Cover in Color and Gilt. Tied. F. A. Stokes and Brother. \$1.00.
- Hark! Hark! My Soul!** By Frederick W. Faber. Illustrated by Half-tone Engravings after Original Designs by W. St. John Harper. Square 16mo. Padded Covers. F. A. Stokes & Bro. 50 cents.

## FICTION.

- Passé Rose.** By Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman." 16mo, pp. 361. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Micha Clarke:** His Statement as Made to His Three Grandchildren during the Hard Winter of 1734. Compiled Day by Day, from His Own Narration, by Joseph Clarke, and Never Previously Set Forth in Print. By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo, pp. 421. Uncut. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.
- A Modern Mephistopheles, and A Whisper in the Dark.** By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women." 16mo, pp. 339. Roberts Bros. \$1.50.
- The Witness of the Sun.** By Amélie Rives, author of "The Quick or the Dead?" With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 248. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.
- Afloat.** (Sur L'Eau.) With Illustrations by Riou. Translated by Laura Ensor. 12mo, pp. 236. Paper. George Routledge & Sons. \$1.50.
- A Daughter of Eve.** By the Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." 12mo, pp. 467. Ticknor & Co. \$1.50.
- The Last American.** A Fragment from the Journal of Khan-I, Prince of Dimphe-Yoo-Chur and Admiral in the Persian Navy. Edited by J. A. Mitchell. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 78. F. A. Stokes & Bro. \$1.00.
- A Bachelor's Wedding Trip.** By Charles Pomeroy Sherman. Third Edition. 12mo, pp. 214. Philadelphia: Pen Pub'g Co. \$1.03.
- Dr. Rameau.** By George Ohnet, author of "The Forge-master." Translated by Mrs. Cassel Hoey. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 299. Paper. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents.
- We Two.** A Novel. By Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan." 16mo. Paper. *Appleton's Town and Country Library.* 50 cents.
- The Painter of Parma,** or, The Magic of a Masterpiece. An Italian Story of Love, Mystery, and Adventure. By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., author of "The Gun-Maker of Moscow." 12mo, pp. 249. Paper. *Cassell's Sunshine Series.* 50 cents.
- Ether Dentison.** A Novel. By Adeline Sergeant, author of "Beyond Recall." 16mo, pp. 321. *Hall's Leisure Hour Series.* \$1.00.
- Gladys Philbrick.** How She Was Made Great. By the author of "The Gillettes." 16mo, pp. 394. *Rock Cove Series.* Robert Carter & Bros. 75 cents.
- The Double Wrong;** or, A Broken Life. By George Ohnet. A Translation of "Le Docteur Rameau," by J. C. Curtin. 12mo, pp. 221. Paper. *Echo Series.* Pollard & Moss. 50 cents.
- A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder.** With Illustrations by Gilbert Gaul. 8vo, pp. 291. Paper. *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 50 cents.
- French Janet.** A Novel. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Disappeared." 8vo, pp. 301. Paper. *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 30 cents.
- Anna Karénina.** By Count Lyoff N. Tolstol. In Eight Parts. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. 12mo, pp. 773. Paper. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
- Lady Bluebeard.** A Novel. By the author of "Zit and Xoe." 8vo, pp. 330. Paper. *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 40 cents.
- Burkett's Lock.** By M. G. McClelland, author of "Oblivion." 12mo, pp. 379. Paper. *Cassell's Sunshine Series.* 50 cents.
- Arius the Libyan.** A Romance of the Primitive Church. 12mo, pp. 398. Paper. *Appleton's Town and Country Library.* 50 cents.
- The Cost of a Lie.** A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "In a Grass Country." 12mo, pp. 316. Paper. *Lippincott's Select Novels.* 25 cents.
- Constance and Calbot's Rival.** Tales by Julian Hawthorne. 12mo, pp. 227. Paper. *Appleton's Town and Country Library.* 50 cents.
- Guilders.** A Novel. By Ouida, author of "Wanda." 12mo, pp. 335. Paper. *Lippincott's Select Novels.* 50 cents.
- A Dangerous Catpaw.** A Novel. By David Christie Murray and Henry Murray. 8vo, pp. 211. Paper. *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* 30 cents.

**The Story of Happynolande, and Other Legends.** By Oliver Bell Bunce, author of "Bachelor Bluff." 12mo, pp. 188. Paper. Appleton's Gainsborough Series. 25 cents.

#### REFERENCE, EDUCATION, AND TEXT-BOOKS.

**Chambers's Encyclopædia.** A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. Vol. III., Catarrh to Dion. Illustrated. Large 8vo, pp. 827. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00.

**A Latin Dictionary for Schools.** By Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., editor of "Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary." Royal 8vo, pp. 1191. Sheep. Harper & Bros. \$6.00.

**Manual of Industrial and Commercial Intercourse between the United States and Spanish America.** Giving the Latest and Most Correct Information regarding the Resources, Commerce, Industries, etc., etc., of Mexico, Central America, West Indies, etc., etc., and Abstracts of the Laws of the Spanish-American Countries for the Year 1889. Edited by Thomas Savage. 8vo, pp. 623. San Francisco: Bancroft Co. \$2.50.

**Proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association,** at its Meeting in Washington, February 14-16, 1888. 8vo, pp. 163. Paper. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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